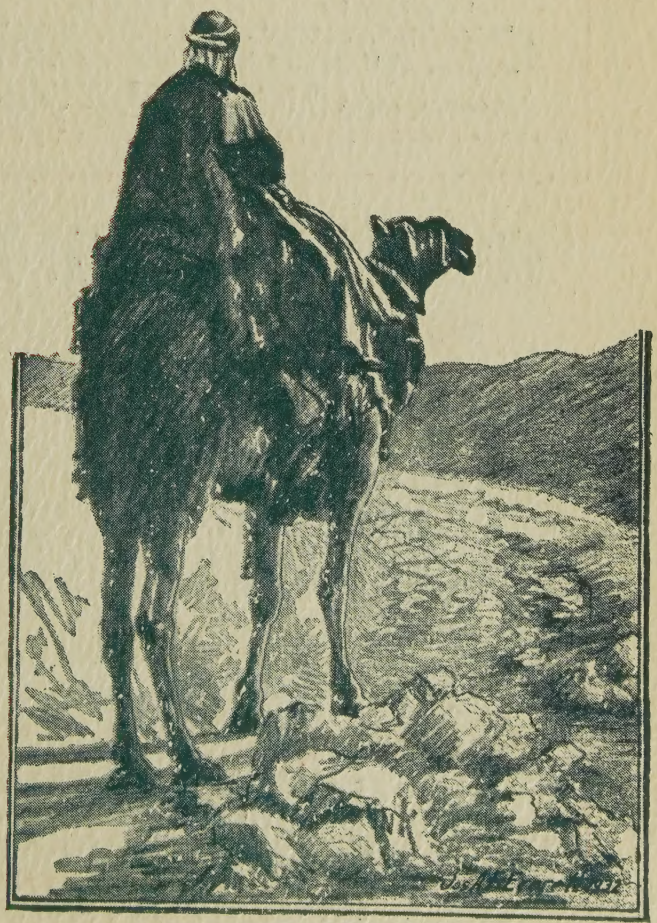
The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XIX DECEMBER, 1932 No. 12



MITCHELL'S
Beauty Shops

Offer the greatest permanent wave special in their history.

Duart and Artistic ringlet regular $3.50 now $2.50.

Mitchell special oil Luxurious, regular $4.50 now $3.75 and similar reductions on all our waves. 2 shampoos and 2 finger waves with each permanent.

MITCHELL'S BEAUTY SHOPPE

Medical Arts Bldg. **Wasatch 10316**

SUGARHOUSE BEAUTY SALON
1052 East 21st South **Sugarhouse** **Hyland 8553**

For the convenience of our Ogden patrons we will operate The Perry Beauty Shop under the name of Mitchell's Beauty Shop No. 3.

MITCHELL'S BEAUTY SHOP NO. 3
David Eccles Bldg. **Ogden, Washington and 24th** **Phone 760**

IT WILL PAY YOU TO BURN

KNIGHT SPRING CANYON COAL or ROYAL COAL

Long Burning Clean and Hot *Utah's Purest Coal*

These Coals maintain clean, cheery warm homes at lowest cost.

Ask Your Good Friend The Coal Dealer

Knight Fuel Co. **Royal Coal Co.**

General Offices 8th Floor Newhouse Bldg.
Salt Lake City, Utah
LEONARD E. ADAMS, General Sales Agent

L. D. S. GARMENTS, CUTLER VALUES

No. 68 Ribbed Lt. Wt. Cotton	$ .75
No. 74 Ribbed Lt. Wt. Fine Lisle	1.00
No. 64 Light Med. Wt. Bleached Double Back	1.19
No. 62 Med. Hvy. Wt. Bleached Double Back	1.29
No. 56 Hvy. Wt. Unbleached Double Back	1.49
No. 27 50% Med. Wt. Wool	2.85
Super Non-Run Rayon Elbow and Knee Length	1.19

In ordering garments please state if for men or women, and if old or new styles are wanted, also state bust, height and weight of person. Marking 15c. Postage prepaid. Special—When you order three pairs of garments at one time we allow you a 15% discount on third pair only.

Cutler's
36 So Main
Service Since 1877

SALT LAKE CITY
UTAH

HAPPY TO RECEIVE

That Regular Pay Envelope

Dividend Number 107

Paid Nov. 15, 1932

For over 26 years holders of PAID-UP SHARES have received their regular quarterly cash dividend.

EVERY share of Deseret Building Society Stock is worth 100 cents on the dollar.

LET US TELL YOU ABOUT IT

DESERET BUILDING SOCIETY

OLD RELIABLE PEOPLE'S COMPANY

44 SO. MAIN ST. Assets Over $2,000,000.00 Salt Lake City, Utah

Complete Suits for Men and Women—Children's Clothing a Specialty
Prompt and Careful Attention to Mail, Telephone and Telegraph Orders

Temple and Burial Clothes

Variety of Grades and Prices

GENERAL BOARD RELIEF SOCIETY

Open Daily—9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Telephone Wasatch 3286 **29 Bishop's Building**

Salt Lake City, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 19 DECEMBER, 1932 No. 12

CONTENTS

Madonna and Baby ..... Frontispiece
Could We Hear? ..... Helen M. Livingston 691
The Fiftieth Cake ..... Ivy W. Stone 693
Madonna of the Chair 701
Christmas Day ..... Matilda Peterson 702
To the Relief Society ..... Elder George Albert Smith 703
Christmas Bells ..... Elsie E. Barrett 710
An Old-Fashioned Romance ..... Nora McKay Stevenson 711
A Christmas Lullaby ..... Bryce W. Anderson 719
Dr. Romania B. Pratt Penrose ..... Annie Wells Cannon 720
Mantled Tree ..... Vesta Pierce Crawford 723
At Mary's Feet ..... Claire Stewart Boyer 724
The Star and the Cross ..... Ann Jarvis 728
Happenings ..... Annie Wells Cannon 729
A Holiday Luncheon ..... Lucy Rose Middleton 730
A Christmas Lullaby ..... Ada Hurst Brown 732
The Stranger Within the Gates ..... Laura M. Jenkins 733
A Christmas Dinner in France Sixty Years Ago ..... George A. Smith 735
Notes to the Field 736
Notes from the Field 736
Editorial—Christmas 739
The Testing 739
President Joseph W. McMurrin Called Home 739
Radio Programs 740
Dr. Romania B. Penrose 740
Lesson Department 741
The Woman Taken in Sin ..... Willard Done 757

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah
Telephone Wasatch 3123

Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.25 a year; payable in advance.
Single copy, 10c.

The *Magazine* is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Stamps should accompany manuscripts for their return.

Ask for one of our folders describing the different services we offer.

Troy

LAUNDRY

Hyland 190 *Distinctive Work* Office 319 S. Main St.

L. D. S. GARMENTS

FOR ALL SEASONS

Selected from our extensive line of L. D. S. Garments we suggest the following numbers for all seasons wear:

No. 1 New style, ribbed lgt. wgt. Mercerized. An excellent Ladies' number $1.00

No. 2 Old style, ribbed lgt. wgt. cotton, our standard garment 1.10

No. 3 Ribbed med. wgt. cotton, bleached. Our all season number. Men's new or old style.... 1.25

No. 4 Ribbed heavy wgt. unbleached cotton. Our double back number. Men's new or old style 1.50

No. 5 Part wool, ribbed unbleached. Our best selling wool number. Men's new or old style.... 2.50

No. 6 Light weight garment, Ladies' new style. Silk Stripe .95

No. 7 Light weight Spring and Autumn garment. Men only 1.00

No. 8 Light weight silk for ladies only, new style only 1.00

No. 9 Medium wgt. silk for men and women, new style only. Non-Run 1.50

In ordering, be sure to specify whether old or new style garments, short legs and sleeves or ankle length legs, are wanted. Also give bust measure, height and weight to insure perfect fit.

Postage prepaid on orders accompanied by money order. Special discount to missionaries.

Our Jack Frost Blankets are made of Utah Wool and Utah Labor
Write for Prices

FACTORY TO YOU—THE ORIGINAL

Utah Woolen Mills

Briant Stringham, Manager 28 Richards Street
One-Half Block South of Temple Gates

L. D. S. GARMENTS

Good grade and well made. Garments that satisfy, when ordering, state size, new or old style, and if for man or lady. Postage prepaid.

472 Lt. Wt. Cotton..... $ .75
464 Fine Ribbed Cotton..... .95
144 Spring Needle, Combed Cot..... 1.00
208 Med. Wt. Cot. Ecru or White..... 1.35
228 Med. Wt. Rayon Striped..... 1.35
252 Med. Wt. Firm Knit Cot..... 1.45
708 Med. Wt. Rayon Striped. Ecru.... 2.00
98 Special Rayon, Ladies'..... $1.25
306 Run Resisting Rayon..... 1.75
752 Hvy. Cot. Db. Bk., Ecru or White 1.75
904 Unbleached Cot. Extra Hvy..... 2.00
1118 Med. Hvy. Wool & Cot., Mixed 3.00
527 Ray. Plated Comb. Cot. Med. Wt. 2.00

BARTON & CO.

Established in Utah 45 Years

142 WEST SOUTH TEMPLE ST. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

The Best in Business Training

	Day Sessions	Night Sessions
One Month	$15.00	$ 5.00
Three Months	40.00	10.00
Six Months	75.00	15.00

L.D.S. BUSINESS COLLEGE

NEW CLASSES IN ALL SUBJECTS

GREGG AND MACHINE SHORTHAND

Beginning and Advanced Classes—Speed Dictation

WALTON ACCOUNTING

Beginning and Advanced TYPEWRITING, ENGLISH, ARITHMETIC, PENMANSHIP, VOCABULARY BUILDING. FREE GYMNASIUM PRIVILEGES

L. D. S. BUSINESS COLLEGE

WASATCH 1812

For Economical---

Christmas Gifts

repaint toys, furniture or gift articles with

BENNETT'S

Property Life Insurance

QUICK ENAMEL

In Gay Colors
Dries Rapidly to a High Gloss

BENNETT GLASS & PAINT COMPANY

61-65 West First South

OR YOUR DEALER

Attention---

RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS!

Relief Society has made an excellent record in securing signatures for the National Council of Women. The quota is not complete, however. If any ward or stake can get more signatures kindly communicate with Relief Society General Office, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine

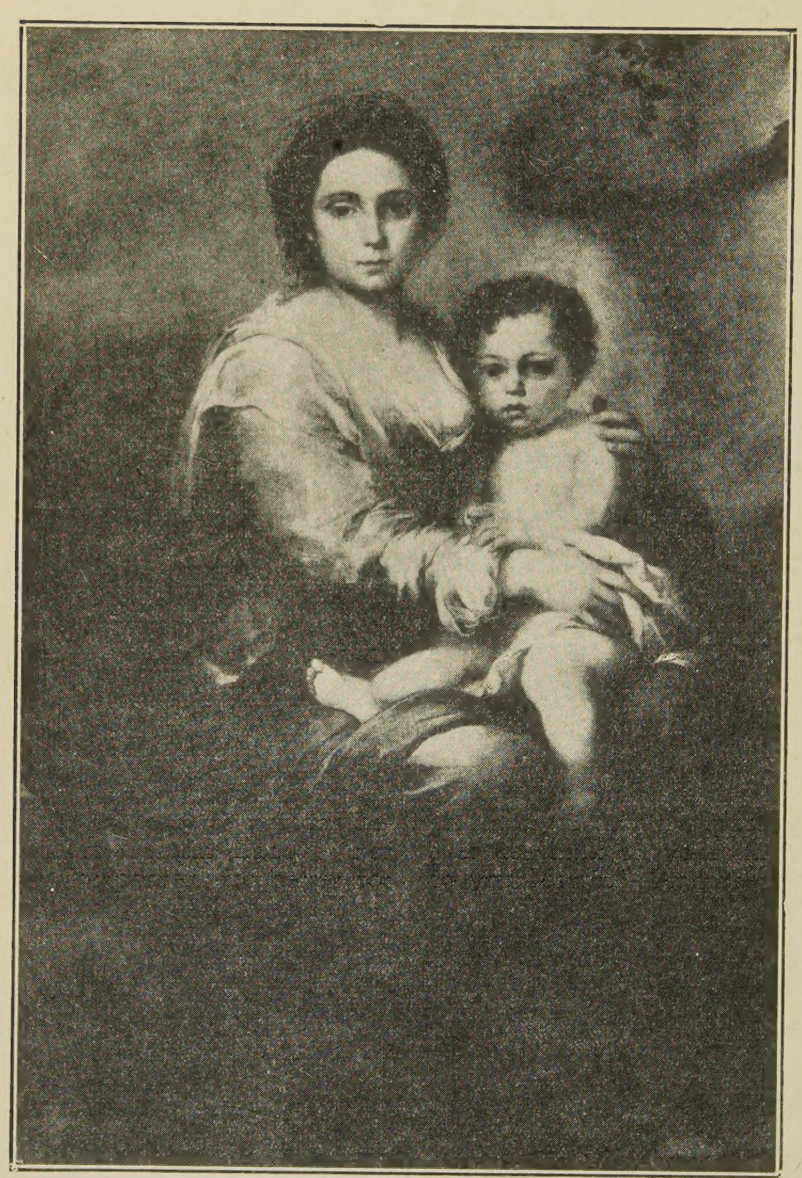
COULD WE HEAR?

By Helen M. Livingston,

THE WISEMEN had a knowledge of the stars.
They knew the heavenly signs of night and day
But bowed and humbly following a star
They came unto the place where Jesus lay.

The shepherds on the lonely hills of night
Knew only faith, and hope, and love, and God.
But when the Christ came, through the holy hush
The angels spoke to them from heaven above.

We with our learning have we wisdom now
To catch the message of a heaven sent light?
Are earthly hearts in tune enough with heaven
To hear the angels should they sing some night?



Murillo

MADONNA AND BABY

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XIX DECEMBER, 1932 No. 12

The Fiftieth Cake

By Ivy W. Stone

JEANETTE PARSONS single, famed as a maker of wedding cakes, stood at her white enamel kitchen table, the ingredients of a cake spread out before her in methodical array. The glass mixing bowl held butter and sugar. Citron and orange peel, pineapple and cherries were ready for the chopper. Egg whites in one bowl, yolks in another. Nuts ready to be cracked, raisins and currants to be cleaned, dates and prunes to be pitted. The red spice boxes stood in a neat row, the soda and baking powder were measured. The linoleum glistened from a recent scrubbing in milk, the range shone from its polish of paraffin. The Christmas cactus gave promise of blooms in season, while the chintz curtains and Jeanette's apron vied for supremacy in whiteness.

Miss Parsons' blue-black eyes were Scotch; her brown, curly hair was Irish. But the curls were combed into a prim, tight knot and the eyes were drawn into a pucker. Miss Parsons looked her thirty-five years, famed as a maker of wedding cakes.

"One - two - three - four," she counted as she measured cups of flour into the sieve. Making a wedding cake in the solitude of her own kitchen was a simple matter to the experienced Jeanette, but having to entertain the prospective bride and listen to her endless questions and chatter was nearly calamitous.

"Why didn't you ever marry, Miss Parsons?" From across the table Cherry Barton, soon to become Mrs. Kenneth J. Merrick, put her question with no thought of hesitancy.

"Six - seven - eight," Jeanette continued to count, and bent farther over the flour bin. Only a quick flush up her neck revealed she had heard Cherry's lightly put question.

"You missed **five,** Miss Parsons. You've only got seven cups."

"I declare, Cherry," Jeanette's voice indicated forced patience, "when I agreed to make your wedding cake, I never expected to have to entertain you while I made it. Now, I'll have to measure that flour all over again. You keep still, Cherry, till I'm through counting."

Thus rebuked, Cherry rinsed the raisins under the tap with a quick splash and spread them out on a pie tin. "There," she announced triumphantly, "your raisins are washed."

"Did you pick 'em over?""

"Did I what?" Cherry looked puzzled.

"Did you sort 'em? They're labeled 'cleaned and ready for use,' but it isn't so. Little, tiny stems are buried in the meats, and seeds pop up like mushrooms. I ain't intending your husband's folks from Boston are going to find seeds and stems in cake that I baked."

Cherry's twenty years had been happy, carefree and joyous. The responsibility of her care was merely being transferred from doting parents to a devoted lover. The possibility of a stray seed or stem ruining a wedding cake did not seem monumental to this bride-to-be.

"I'd much rather you put the old cake away and told me of your blighted romance," persisted Cherry. "Something's happened, I know, to keep you single. Your saucy blue eyes and brown curls have a come hither look."

"I'd much rather you'd go home and let me finish this cake before I spoil it," retorted Jeanette with the familiarity of old friends. "If you're mother wasn't such a real friend, I'd never have done it so near Christmas."

"They sent me over here because I was in the way at home," admitted Cherry humbly. "I tried to help make my wedding dress, and I lost the scissors and cut the neck where I shouldn't have done. They're building a bower, and I knocked the stepladder into a bookcase. I tried to unwrap the presents, and I mixed the cards. Now Mother doesn't know whether Mrs. Van Housen sent candle sticks or salt cellars. Somebody sent linen with hand embroidery; somebody else sent linen with Mexican drawn work, and I can't remember which is which." Cherry's eyes brimmed with tears. "Now I've spoiled your cake. I don't care whether I have a wedding or not. I'd just as soon go to the court house to be married." She dabbed at her eyes with a tiny excuse of a handkerchief, and looked more beautiful than ever.

Jeanette promptly repented as Cherry had meant she should.

"There child, don't worry," she consoled, patting her shoulder. "If you'll just sit and watch, you can stay all day. Brides are that way; can't settle to do anything. Everybody working for them, too. With your wedding only four days off, your eyes shouldn't be red. Now you count with me; one-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight." The proper measurement was safely achieved and both women laughed.

"Can't I even crack the nuts?" Cherry seemed determined to have a hand in her own wedding cake.

Jeanette sighed resignedly. "If you'll watch them ever so carefully, and pick out every single piece of shell and partition wall. But mind, you don't leave a speck of shell. This is my forty-ninth wedding cake, and I won't have it spoiled."

Sitting over by the sink, as far away as the room permitted, so no flying shell would fall into the precious mixture, Cherry watched a craftsman at work. The sugar and butter were whipped into creamy, foamy smoothness. The raisins and currants were sorted meticulously until Cherry gasped at the little mound of seeds and stems which Jeanette displayed with a superior air. The flour and baking powder were sifted fourteen times. The chopper spun round as Jeanette fed in the

fruits. The egg whites rose into a stiff mound. Cherry, who could drive a car through dense traffic and play "To a Wild Rose" on her violin, suddenly realized that a genius could preside in a kitchen. Oil paper was fitted into the four corners of each of the flat tins. After the oven had been tested and Jeanette stood ready to stir in the dissolved soda, Cherry reverted to her first question.

"If you had ever let a man see you bake a cake, Miss Jeanette, I'm sure you would be married. It's marvelous. It's a poem. No wonder you get seventy-five cents a pound. It's worth a dollar."

"December butter and eggs are expensive." Jeanette pushed the stiff batter high into the corners and left it low in the center of each pan.

"Why" queried Cherry, intensely interested.

"So it'll rise level. I don't never have lop sided cakes. They don't look nice. A lop sided cake is the mark of a poor cook."

The pans were placed in the oven with slow, careful precision. Miss Parsons shut the door cautiously, examined the fire, marked the hour of the clock, and turned to her guest.

"We'll sit a spell before we wash up the dishes. I never jiggle the floor for half an hour."

"Why didn't you marry?" The irrepressible Cherry reached for the batter spoon and knocked over an open box of nutmeg. "I'm so happy and Ken is so grand, I hate to think of you living here alone. On winter nights and holidays, it must be dreadful lonesome." Cherry glanced towards the snow piled window sills and shuddered.

The exertion of cake making had danmpened Miss Parsons' curls. Some of them escaped the tight coiffure and clustered at her neck. A spicy aroma came from the oven, which dissipated the annoyed expression of her eyes. They became calm and reminiscent.

"This is my forty-ninth cake, and forty-eight other brides have asked the same question. Brides get romantic, Cherry. They want everybody else to get into the same boat. They can't rest till they pair everyone off. I never told the others. It wasn't their business. But your mother knows, and you would wiggle it out of her. I ain't married, because I won't light a red lantern, and stick it in my window." Miss Jeanette pointed to an upper shelf where a red globed lantern occupied a place of prominence.

All the pent up romance of Cherry's youth burst forth in one long drawn "Oh—oh—oh!" as she glanced at the commonplace lantern. "Why, it's more romantic than Portia's chests!"

"I have the match to light it too," continued Miss Jeanette, keeping a practised eye on the clock. "But I'm Irish stubborn, and I won't, somehow I can't, bring myself to be so bold as to send a man a signal I want him. He knows where I live. Let him come when he wants me." Her mouth set in lines that were too firm for beauty. "This is my forty-ninth cake. I'm baking only one more wedding cake for other folks. When you change from a girl to a woman, baking cakes for other brides, fifty is about enough. I bake just one more." She folded her hands and set her chin in a manner that suggested pioneering ancestors.

"Is it ordered?" Cherry's eyes

danced with sudden inspiration. "Have you already promised to make that last cake?"

"No, and I'm glad I haven't. Christmas time is too busy for extras like weddings. I hope nobody orders a cake till folks can settle down to normal again. You can't make a pretty cake, when it has to be flat and cut into samples and put in satin boxes, like this of yours. I used to make them three tiers high. I used a six quart pan for the bottom, a four quart for the middle, and a one quart for the top. I decorated them with roses and wreaths, and put a little bride and groom on the top. Them was cakes. Nowadays, young folks get married at the court house and hustle off, with no reception or old shoes or rice. Somehow they don't seem like weddings at all."

"Miss Jeanette," in her eagerness, Cherry put her elbow into the batter spoon, "do you mean honest, if you lit that lantern you'd get a husband? It sounds like the Arabian Nights, where the boy rubbed the magic lamp. A match to a wick, and Presto! a bride!"

Miss Jeanette smiled, but with a grim, stubborn, 'I won't-give-in' expression.

"If I set that lighted lantern in my window to-night, I'd have a would-be-husband in an hour."

"Let's do it!" cried the undaunted Cherry. "We could have a double wedding. There's cake a plenty, and the bower is made. And you'd be beautiful, too, if you'd take those choker collars off your housedresses, and let your curls run wild. Let me light it, Miss Jeanette. Now! Please!"

"I guess not!" Forgetting the wiggly floor, Jeanette rose to her full height and looked so stern that Cherry subsided. "I don't send for any man because I need him. That I might want him is a different matter. If he wants me, let him come here.

"You see Cherry, it was before Father died, when you were a little girl. We got to going out together, and we'd a been married all right, but Father got dreadful sick and took a terrible dislike to Martin. He was unreasonable. Wouldn't say why he didn't like him. Just told him to go and never come back. I fancy he was afraid Martin would take me away from him, when he needed me so. Father was that sick you couldn't argue with him, so Martin left. He was proud too. He never forgot the things Father said to him. He never come back till Father died. After the funeral, he come to see me and he brought two lanterns with red globes. He says: 'Jeanette, here are two lanterns with red globes. You keep one and I'll keep one. It's too soon after your sorrow to talk of marriage, but when you need me, put your lantern in your window, and I'll come. If I need you, I'll light mine.' That was seven years ago."

"And you never sent for him?" Cherry was incredulous. "I'd have brought Ken back the next night."

"I take it down to clean the shelf and I put it back. Once I changed the oil."

"And you eat alone three times a day," cried Cherry, to whom solitude would mean death. "And you go out and work for other folks and make your own fires and carry your own coal. Oh, it's too foolishly proud. You silly old dears. What does he do?"

"He gardens and lives alone, and pretends to keep house after work. His washings look scandalous. His dish towels show he never boils 'em."

"Doesn't he ever come to see you?" demanded Cherry, whose curiosity was insatiable.

Every Christmas he sends twenty-four sacks of kindling. All cut fine and laid straight. It lasts all year. I got half a sack still. When the snow is real deep, I often find a path to the door. Every Christmas, I send him twenty-four pairs of new socks."

"Both of you come home late at night to cold, cheerless houses," Cherry's fancy was active. "No suppers. No fires. You earn your own bread and butter, and he tries to wash his own clothes. You could have geraniums in his windows and white dish towels and oodles of good things to eat. Wedding cake every night. Aren't you ever going to light that lantern?"

"He said, 'when you need me, I'll come.' So long as the good Lord gives me health and work to do, I don't need a man," persisted the Irish-Scotch combination. Her lips set in such a hard, straight line that even the romantic Cherry knew why the Irish-Scotch pioneers conquered the wilderness. They couldn't be driven, they never admitted defeat. Could they be outwitted? Thus pondered Cherry, looking more serious than befitted a bride. Her incessant questions ceased as she wiped the mixing bowls and watched the satisfied expression on Miss Jeanette's face as the perfectly shaped, aromatic cakes were set to cool.

"I'll only make one more," persisted Miss Jeanette, "And I hope it ain't ordered flat like this one."

MR. MARTIN LADD, gardener for the big hospital, knew the ways of plants, but not of women. His tulips grew long stemmed and velvet petalled. His lawns were free from noxious weeds. No yellow blight ever infested his carefully trimmed shubbery. He knew that cedar trees must have wind and open spaces, but he did not know that a woman can appear stubborn, and still be hungry for love. He knew that flowers can be blighted with too much water, but he did not know that a woman never wearies of being courted. He knew that gladiola stalks must never be cut close to the tender bulb, but he did not realize that a woman could be shrinking and timid, like his pansies and violets, or easily wounded. When his soups curdled and pancakes burned, he looked longingly towards Jeanette's north window, visible two blocks away, across lots. It never occurred to Martin Ladd that marriage was a matter of love and not necessity; that it was the masculine prerogative to press his courtship. Jeanette's father had ordered him away. So Martin Ladd awaited Jeanette's summon to return. He had never heard of the caveman's style of courtship. Also, he looked on dumbfounded, at the modern flapper's skilled method of "getting her man." Until Jeanette sent for him, as he had told her to do, Martin Ladd lived alone, struggling vainly with burned kettles, holey socks and dish towels that refused to whiten.

THE Barton-Merrick society wedding was a huge success. A palm bower hid the orchestra and

all agreed the bride was the loveliest, and her veil the longest of the season. The tiny boxes, containing Miss Parsons' famed wedding cake, created a sensation. Maidens saved them to tuck under pillows. Men said the samples were good and asked for real slices. The gifts were acknowledged, although Mrs. Barton felt nervous about the donors.

Glimpses of Jeanette Parsons out in the kitchen, serving the luncheon for two hundred guests, and a vision of the dark, cold house to which she must return, filled the new Mrs. Kenneth J. Merrick with remorse

Mr. Kenneth J. Merrick was an indulgent husband. He was earnestly anxious to grant any reasonable request his wife might make. But this sudden determination of hers to re-visit Mr. Martin Ladd, the bachelor-gardener, seemed rather absurb. Especially on their own wedding night, when they were supposed to be fleeing from pursuing friends. He tried reason and logic.

"You see dear," he expostulated, "you and I are so newly married, it seems wonderful. It's hard for us to imagine any happiness except in marriage. But really, they're both old enough to know their own minds. Match makers never get thanked."

"If you could see the washings he puts out and the coal she has to break and carry, and the cold, dark houses each returns to at night," interrupted Cherry, "you'd feel differently. He hasn't got a curtain to a window, nor a tablecloth to his name. His sink is never empty of dirty dishes. He's half converted already. I saw him again last night."

Young Mr. Merrick sighed and capitulated. Cherry was small and amiable, but when she set her mind to a thing, you might as well give in. Besides, those hilarious friends would never think of finding them at the residence of Mr. Martin Ladd, gardener.

Two days before Christmas, Jeanette Parsons received a telegram. Paid. Needing no answer. Her fingers trembled as she signed the receipt and tore the yellow envelope. Since the tense days of the World War, few messengers found their way to her quiet street.

"Well of all the nonsense!" she ejaculated after a first hurried reading. "That rattle-brained youngster. Marriage ain't calmed her down one bit."

"A friend of Mr. Merrick's has ordered your fiftieth cake. Make it in tiers with wreaths and roses and bride and groom. Price no object. Wedding Christmas Eve.

"Cherry."

"I'll do nothing of the sort!" Jeanette spoke to her canary, for lack of a better audience. "This will be one whim of Cherry Barton's which ain't going to be gratified. I've no time to bake cakes. Buying two dozen socks in the Christmas jam ain't a joke." But even as she spoke she went to her pantry. "There's plenty of butter and pineapple, but I'll need raisins and eggs. Wonder who it is that's got sense enough to order a real old fashioned wedding cake." With rapid precision she assembled the mixing bowl and chopper, the egg beater and sieve, and reached far back into the cupboard for the long disused quart pans. As she prepared to go shopping, she set the butter on the warming oven to soften and glancing towards the red lantern she

muttered, "the last cake I will ever make."

CHRISTMAS EVE found Miss Parsons unwontedly tired. The cake ornament had been difficult to find. She had searched from store to store, through the scurrying, jostling crowds. But the finished cake gave her much satisfaction. It looked so much nicer than Cherry's. The rose and wreath frosting, the broadcloth groom and satin bride. Mrs. Barton sent her chauffer for the cake early in the evening. But he knew nothing of the sudden order for wedding cake. All he could do was to hand over a generous check, and the mystery of the cake remained unexplained. Somehow, Miss Jeanette felt loath to part with this last cake. It seemed like a part of herself, leaving the little house forever.

Alone in the early twilight of Christmas Eve, with her cards all mailed and her few packages delivered, Jeanette felt lonely. She thought of Martin Ladd. He had broken a time honored custom. The twenty-four sacks of kindling had not arrived, and she had used her last few sticks for the morning fire. Unless she could find a box to crack, Christmas morning would find her without a fire. She glanced again at the waiting lantern and forced a grim smile. Just what was the full definition of the word need?

Wearily she prepared for bed. Her galoshes were wet, her skirts damp from shopping in the storm. She snapped off her light and raised her north blind. Following the custom of seven years, she glanced towards Martin Ladd's home, two blocks away. Sometimes she had seen a yellow gleam, more often a black blur, for Martin retired early. Tonight a steady red flame glowed in his window.

"Humph!" sniffed Jeanette, angered at the quickening of her heart beat, 'just some of them auto lovers. Wonder they don't freeze. So busy courting, they forgot to turn off their rear light." She hurried into bed, turned her back to the red beacon and counted to one hundred. Not by fives and tens, but in the slow methodical manner she had used in counting the cups of flour.

When her Irish heart had succeeded in overcoming her Scotch stubborness, she turned again to the fascinating glow. It was still there. Martin's signal of distress. After seven years, he had found need for the waiting woman. Thank Heaven, the long duress was ended. He was ill of course. That explained the non-appearance of the kindling. With hands that trembled, she lit her own lantern, watched the long disused wick splutter and flicker before spreading to a steady flame. In her excitement, she donned a short sleeved, V-necked dress that she seldom wore. She would carry the lantern to guide her way. She could not spare time to follow the sidewalk around the block. Her galoshes, coat and lantern, and she was ready.

Martin needed her, she must hurry. Across lots was quicker, the irrigation canal had a little bridge, which the lantern would locate for her. The wide corn field held no menace. Perhaps Martin had pneumonia, he used to have a troublesome cough. He didn't take proper care of himself. Men who lived alone seldom did. The snow was deep, there was no trace of a path. Only the red glow of the lantern to guide her.

She missed the foot bridge and fell prone in the soft, snow-filled ditch. The lantern rolled from her grasp, sputtered and went out. The stark, grotesque corn stalks seemed like accusing sentinels. Wet and breathing heavily, she stumbled up to Martin Ladd's kitchen door. Every blind was tightly drawn. The lantern between the blind and window was the only sign of occupancy.

Jeanette rapped sharply and called "Martin! Martin, open the door!" Receiving no answer, she boldly turned the knob and walked in. With the V-necked dress revealing the curves of her throat and her brown curls disheveled and wet, Jeanette Parsons looked young again, as she stepped into the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth J. Merrick, the county clerk and his wife, and Martin Ladd.

Not a sick Martin. In fact, a very radiant Martin, dressed in his best. A Martin that smiled his love, extended his arms unashamed.

"Jeanie, my dear, I more than need you; I love you." The stubborn reserve withered before his warm smile, and Jeanette accepted his embrace as her just due.

"You're wet!" cried Martin with real concern. He pushed her into a rocker, removed the galoshes and the wet shoes, and drew the chair to the fire. He rubbed her damp curls with his handkerchief, as tenderly as if she had been some rare, imported flower. "We're being married right now," he whispered, "with Ken and Cherry as witnesses."

In the curtainless room, wearing Martin's house slippers, and her curls wandering as they chose, Miss Jeanette Parsons became Mrs. Martin Ladd. "For richer, for poorer; for better for worse; throughout our lives." The solemn tones of the clerk's voice filled the little room. In spite of the different environment, it was really like Cherry's fashionable wedding. Just as solemn and portentious. Ken handed Martin a ring and as Martin slipped it on her finger, he kissed her boldly and whispered, "I never knew you could be so pretty. You look like a daisy bud!"

To hide her emotions Cherry kept up a running fire of conversation, and opened the door to Martin's one best room. There stood the last, the fiftieth cake the center of a sumptuous wedding feast. The frosting was uncracked, the bride and groom still wore their unalterable smiles.

"We missed Niagara Falls to get here for this," volunteered Kenneth J. Merrick.

"We came home by air plane and nearly froze," laughed Cherry.

'She got her way," smiled Ken. "Take a tip from me, Martin. Pull a tight rein from the very beginning, before she gets the upper hand. I'm henpecked already."

At midnight, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Ladd were left alone. As they stood at the door, bidding their guests good night, the bells began to herald the glorious anniversary.

"Peace on earth, good will to men!" quoted Jeanette.

"Peace on earth, good wife for me!" paraphrased Martin.

Back in the house again, Mrs. Ladd cast an appraising glance over her new domain. It was indeed a sorry sight of poor housekeeping. "I'll wash them windows and hang curtains; that stove needs polish so bad, it's a disgrace. I don't suppose you ever use milk on your linoleum, do you Martin? And them dish

towels ain't fit for a thing on earth except stove rags!"

"All that you may, and I'll bring some potted flowers from the greenhouse," replied Martin. "But first of all, I want to tell you I didn't forget the kindling, Jeanie. I made bold to look in your coalhouse last night and see you had enough for your fire. I knew you wouldn't be needing any for Christmas morning. It's all piled neat and tidy in our shed."

MADONNA OF THE CHAIR Raphael

Christmas Day

By Matilda Peterson

"Christmas is a solemn time,
Because beneath the star
The first great Christmas gift
was given
To all men near and far."

CHRISTMAS Day is Christ's Day. Then, of all times, the lessons and teachings of His life should form the theme of our thoughts. He was sent as a Christmas gift to all mankind. Therefore, we remember His Birthday in this month of December, and in gratitude for what He did, we give to others.

The story of His birth is one of which the world never wearies, and it is one admirably adapted to make a strong appeal to the hearts of children. It is the most wonderful and the most sublime story in all literature. The marvelous beauty of the historic setting has no equal: messengers from heaven bearing glad tidings to humble shepherds watching their flocks; wise men from the East hastening to worship an infant in a manger; and that infant the Redeemer of the world!

Here we witness heaven and earth uniting to win our hearts, and to impress a glorious message on young and old. But the story, as too often told, makes no appeal to the children; they find nothing lofty, nothing worthy of emulation in it. Is it because, in our desire to be exact, we talk about "a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes", "wise men", "frankincense and myrrh", words that mean nothing to them? Is it because no spiritual atmosphere has been created? Or is it because there has been no proceeding from the known to the related unknown? As the story is usually told, not even the simplest, most fundamental of pedagogical principles are observed. Let us tell the story this once as we would any other story, with descriptions of the country and the people, the journey of the men and the camels, and the sheep asleep on the hillside. Let us make the center of interest the baby, a real baby that the children will wish to see and love. Then leave the story with the thought that people love Him because He was such a loving child, and that therefore, only kind, loving deeds find any place in our observance of His birthday.

Too often the mistake is made, perhaps unconsciously, of directing the thought of the children to Santa Claus rather than to Him whose birthday it is. The making of gifts is in accord with His example, but care should be taken to impress upon the minds of the children that the greatest joy to be obtained in observing the day lies in giving, rather than in receiving. Let us strive, then, to emphasize the thought, What can I do for others? rather than, What will Santa Claus bring me?

There is no lesson for which the teacher should be so well prepared, both mentally and spiritually, as for this lesson in ethics, because in no other is failure so disastrous. If the Christ story is told at all, it must be told in the spirit of Christ. It must be told by one who fully appreciates and truly loves the message of peace, for she alone will be able to put into it the poetry, love, and faith that will enable the child to absorb something of the meaning of "Light of the World."

To the Relief Society

Address Delivered at Relief Society Conference Oct., 1932
By Elder George Albert Smith, of the Council of the Twelve

WHENEVER I go to Relief Society Conference, and I have been going for a long time, I always enjoy a sweet influence, and I feel that I am looking into the faces of women who are the backbone of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The members of this great Church have been honored in many ways, but I know of no group of women in the world that has been more honored than the Relief Society organization. Today I opened one of the most interesting publications that it has been my pleasure to have in my library. I do not suppose many of you know what it is, but I am going to recommend it to you Relief Society workers as a little book that contains a lot of information that would be useful to you. It is called "The Handbook of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." I was delighted when I opened it today, I do not want to have you think that is the first time I have opened it. I have it among my treasures, and today I got into my treasure chest.

The thing that interests me is that it contains so many things I ought to have known and many things I have known about this remarkable organization.

Among all the women's organizations in the world this one, in my judgment, stands first. We have been marking the pioneer trails. I may get myself into difficulty by making a recommendation, but I think there is one thing lacking in the City of Nauvoo. There ought to be a monument to the Relief Society in that city. The Church was not organized there. We should have a monument where the Church was organized and will have, no doubt, but I think this great women's organization ought to be dignified at its birthplace by a fine monument.

When I think of what the women whose names are in this record and those who have followed them have done for this Church and for humanity there is not any good thing that can be done to perpetuate their memories with which I would not be glad to be associated. Think of what the Lord has required of this group of women. You have been unusually honored. Your particular organization was brought about under the direction of a Prophet of the Lord. We have all kinds of societies in the world but it is rather remarkable to have the women's organizations of this Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints called together by a prophet of the Lord, and to receive at his hands instructions calculated to place your names foremost among the women of the world. I think that is wonderful. I understand that there are 66,800 women in this organization. What may you not do in the interest of righteousness if you are doing your full duty? There is power that cannot be measured, and I feel that the opportunity is here and now.

THIS old world is in an unfortunate condition, and it is fulfilling what the Lord said it would do. I turn here to the very first section of the Doctrine and Covenants, and read: "Wherefore, I the Lord,

knowing the calamity which should come upon the inhabitants of the earth, called upon my servant Joseph Smith, Jun., and spake unto him from heaven, and gave him commandments." The Lord goes on to say that these commandments are for the children of men. They are to be disseminated among the peoples of the world. Still further he says: "For I am no respecter of persons, and will that all men shall know that the day speedily cometh; the hour is not yet, but is nigh at hand, when peace shall be taken from the earth, and the devil shall have power over his own dominion."

You are living in that day. It was predicted a long time ago, but we are living in that age of the world. Every influence for peace ought to be exercised. Lucifer is exercising every means to destroy the souls of the human family. He is more active than he has ever been and he works in such an insidious way. I will not take time to enumerate the many ways he employs but there is one way in which he operates, and has operated from the beginning of the world, and that is to tempt one individual to destroy the reputation of another by saying unkind things of them.

IT is marvelous to me, as I read the Holy Scriptures, both ancient and modern, to find how many times our Heavenly Father has shown us the way to happiness. So many opportunities are presented for our welfare and how He has stressed these words of the English language, "charity and love." I know of no organization in all this world that ought to so fully exemplify the meaning of these two words as the National Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The measurement of the result of what love and charity may bring into the world is impossible. Opportunity is offered in every branch and ward and mission field to go about radiating sunshine, developing happiness and lifting up those who are discouraged, and bringing joy and comfort to those who are in distress, and the beauty of it is that when you are doing that you are only obeying the very instruction that was given by the Prophet Joseph Smith when the Relief Society was organized.

Is it not wonderful to feel that you are identified with an organization, the mission of which is love? It is marvelous how that opportunity has been offered to you. When people are in distress you are permitted to go into their homes, not as beggars, not as intruders, not as those who go about putting themselves forward unnecessarily, but by divine appointment you have the right to go into the homes of those who are in distress, and if you have the spirit of your mission, as you should have, every home will be dignified and sanctified by your presence. There is no way of knowing how many lives have been uplifted and touched by this organization. I suppose there will be no means here on earth to discover how many souls have been made to feel that they are indeed children of our Heavenly Father. But there is a record being kept. That record will have inscribed upon it every performance of this faithful body of women wherever they may labor in all the world. God, our Heavenly Father, is not unmindful of these things. As you go to and fro in the performance of your duty, whenever you speak a kind word, or make a contribution of money or food, whenever you go out of your way to uplift those who are discouraged,

you are making a permanent investment that will return to you an eternal dividend, and our Heavenly Father has promised you that dividend. Can there be anything more lovely or desirable than to be daughters of the living God with a mission to perform? You are called to labor for the salvation—not only the temporal salvation—but the spiritual salvation of your sisters.

I am so grateful that your work is not limited alone to charity in the sense that we usually refer to it, but that it also includes the duty of disseminating truth, of going to and fro among the people of the Church, and bringing to them the message that will enrich their lives and determine in them that they will be better than they have been before.

IT is the little things that come into our lives that mean so much. I remember a delightful experience that came into my life as the result of a pilgrimage which was made into the wilderness of Wyoming a little less than two years ago. We came to that part of the trail where the Martin Handcart Company had lost so many lives. We found, as near as we could, the place where they camped. Those who were descendants of that party were there to assist in placing a marker. Then we came to Rock Creek; a temporary marker had been placed there by us the year before. At that particular time of the year beautiful wild flowers were growing everywhere, the wild iris was plentiful, and members of the party gathered some of these flowers and laid them tenderly upon a mound of stone that had been piled up the year before by an aged man named Jackson, who was not of our faith. Here 15 members of this Church had been buried in one grave, they having died from hunger and exposure.

You know there are times and places when we seem to come nearer to our Heavenly Father. As we sat around the camp fire in that little valley of Rock Creek, where the Willey Handcart Company had met disaster,—we who were descendants of the pioneers, of those who had crossed the plains in the heat of the summer and the cold of the winter—stories were told of the experiences of our ancestors. Our forebears had helped to make the trail so plain at this point. It was a delightful occasion. History was being repeated for our benefit.

The next morning an unusual thing occurred. We were all gathered around the grave of these 15 people and there we sang "Hard Times Come Again No More." A sister played the accordian and a brother played the violin beautifully. I have never heard more tuneful voices than were there that beautiful morning. Then we joined in prayer and as we stood there it seemed to me that we were in the very presence of those who had given their all that we might have the blessings of the Gospel. We seemed to feel the presence of the Lord. As we walked away, after we had shed our tears—for I doubt if there was a dry eye in the group of about 30 or 40 people—the influence that came as a result of that little gathering had touched our hearts, and one of the good sisters took me by the arm and said, "Brother Smith, I am going to be a better woman from now on." This woman, if I were to mention her name, you would say is one of the best of women but I believe she was touched as probably most of us were, by the fact that in some particulars we felt we had not measured up to the ideals that should have been in our souls. The people buried here had not only given days

of their lives but they gave life itself as evidence of their belief in the divinity of this work. The sweet influence enjoyed by us on that sacred occasion was full compensation for the effort to travel over the pioneer trail. If the members of this organization will be as faithful as were those who lie buried on the plains, who met their problems with faith in the Lord, you will add to your many accomplishments and the favor of a loving Father will flow to you and yours. There never has been a time, in my judgment, when kindness was needed more than now. These are the days when people's souls are being tried, and when their hearts are being wrung. These are the days when many are facing hunger and distress even among the Latter-day Saints. These are the days when the Relief Society of this great Church is offered an opportunity to major, in my judgment, as it has never done before. I believe that you will rise to the dignity of your calling.

THE perfunctory visit of the Relief Society ward teacher among the membership of this Church, if it has been a routine call heretofore, may become a more blessed duty and you will be real ministering angels carrying to the discouraged food and clothing and the cheering influence of love. These are our opportunities. I do not know when we have had such a privilege before. I believe our Heavenly Father is giving us our opportunity for development. We will find out now whether those who have claimed membership in His Church are worthwhile; we will discover now whether the love the Savior said should be in our hearts is among us. I will say that the General President of Relief Society with her board, the Stake Presidents with their boards and the Ward organizations with their membership, should be a sisterhood unparalleled among the people of the world demonstrating kindness and love.

SOMETIMES we have authority granted unto us. Our Heavenly Father has referred to it in the Doctrine and Covenants. You will find He says it is the nature and disposition of almost all men as soon as they get a little authority, as they suppose, to begin to exercise unrighteous dominion. He did not say that to the women, as far as I know, but I want to say that women in this particular are not unlike men. Generally they are more tender but sometimes they use authority in a dominating manner and wound the feelings of their sisters unrighteously. The President of this great organization ought to be the one to set the example to all the women of the world by a consecrated life of righteousness, love, tenderness, patience and charity that should go forth from the head organization into every department. Then it will be found in every stake that those who preside will manifest the same attitude toward their associates and in every ward these fine women will feel it a privilege to manifest the tenderness and love and consideration that they have had in their hearts for those who associate with them.

You know in this organization you are given presidents and counselors. No president has the right to dominate or dictate. I am not assuming that they do. I hope you will not misunderstand me. The thing I want to emphasize is this: Our Heavenly Father has placed in these organizations three members. It is not just a president, it is a presidency, and when these three work together as our Heavenly Father has

intended they should in every ward in this Church, under the supervision of the bishop, they add a strength that cannot be estimated to carry forth the benefits of the Gospel to the people of the ward in which they reside.

It is a wonderful privilege these stake presidents with their counselors exercise. Use your counselors, honor your counselors, love them and do not be jealous of them. One of the mistakes we have made in this world is that we look askance at those who are favored more than we. How slowly this Church would progress if the leaders operated in that way.

I stand here tonight to speak of a man who has several years ago gone home. Many people looked upon him with fear. I refer to Francis M. Lyman and I want to say to you that that great man was as tender as a baby, just as tender as a little child, and his desire to help and encourage was beautiful. I have heard him compliment his brethren many times when they have done something praiseworthy—one had delivered a fine address, another had borne a convincing testimony, another had done something else praiseworthy. I have seen him put his arm around them and say, "I am proud of you and the fine thing you have done." Is not that a commendable way to live? That is the way to make ourselves happy. If, instead of being jealous, we see and appreciate and commend the virtues and abilities of our fellows, if we see the power for good in our sisters, how much better it will be. Many of us live in such an atmosphere that we are almost dumb when it comes to praising somebody else. We seem unable to say the things that we might say to our own advantage as well as to the blessing of others. Let us look for the virtues of our associates and observing them make them happy by commending them.

TONIGHT I wish I had time to read to you the uplifting ideals that are set forth in this fine handbook of the Relief Society. If you do not have a copy, and there are any available, get one and take it home. Before you read it kneel down and ask your Heavenly Father to give you His spirit that you may see what is offered to you in the way of opportunity. It is a wonderful thing. I feel sometimes we do not realize how these things operate. We are in the habit of erecting monuments to men. I want to tell you as I stand here tonight the most enduring monuments in this world have been erected in the home by women. I feel to say tonight that I loved my father—no man could love his father more—but when I think of the influence of my mother when I was a little tad I am moved to reverence and tears. When my father was away in the mission field, I remember as though it were yesterday, she took me by the hand and we walked up a flight of stairs to the second story. There I knelt before her and held her hand as she taught me to pray. Thank God for those mothers who have in their hearts the spirit of the Gospel and a desire to bless. I could repeat that prayer now and it is a great many years since I learned it. It gave me an assurance that I had a Heavenly Father, and let me know that He heard and answered prayer. When I was older we still lived in a two story frame house and when the wind blew hard it would rock as if it would topple over. Sometimes I would be too frightened to go to sleep. My bed was in a little room by itself, and many a night I have climbed out and got down on my

knees and asked my Father in Heaven to take care of the house, preserve it that it would not break in pieces and I have got back into my little bed just as sure that I would be safeguarded from evil as if I held my Father's hand. What a power our Heavenly Father has bestowed upon you mothers.

One of the most wonderful stories contained in the Book of Mormon is the story of the sons of Helaman. I wonder sometimes as I see mothers leaving their children to the care of somebody else, seeking the social privileges of life, how many of them have read the story of the 2,060 sons of Helaman. I want to say to the mothers of this Church, if they will do their duty, they hold in their hands a power for righteousness and an uplift for a race of people not yet born that will have something more to do than we have yet done, and it will take giants all their time to do it. So, I say, along with love, along with tenderness, along with charity and kindness to your associates, teach your daughters that are soon to become the mothers of men, what a power is placed in their keeping, and how they may exercise it to bless the world. This is not the work of man; this is not the work of Joseph Smith or those who followed after. This is our Father's work; this is the Church that bears the name of the Redeemer of mankind, and how we should prize our membership and our fellowship, and we ought to so live that our fellowship would be complete, that there would be no drawing apart in suspicion because of anything that we may do. If the people of this world are to retain their faith in God it will fall very largely upon the women of this Church to plant this feeling in the hearts of the growing boys and girls and bring into their lives a desire to be worthy of the image in which they have been created.

It is said that the Jewish women of the world have been the purest of all women for generations. When young girls they have been taught that the Messiah is to come and perchance if they, as the daughters of Judah, will keep themselves clean, they may become the mother of the King of Judah. The result has been that all down the ages these women have prized their virtue, they have safeguarded it as life itself and I am thinking tonight what influence that has had upon the race they represent.

You Relief Society women who have been blessed with a knowledge of what God has given to the children of men, train your daughters, train your sons, inspire in them a desire not to be like the world is but to so live that they may be worthy to be the earthly parents of choice spirits yet to come to earth.

Reference was made tonight by Sister Hyde to the large families in the Islands, of five or six children—why that family would look small as compared with the original pioneer families in Utah. It was marvelous how God blessed them, and do you know that the strength of this Church in most cases has descended from these large families.

One of the greatest and richest of all your blessings will be that which comes if you teach as you should, and train as you should these choice spirits that our Heavenly Father is sending to the world in this latter day. When you go to your homes do not leave the training of your children to the public schools. Do not leave their training to the Primary, to the Sunday School, to the Mutual Improvement Association. They will help you and

make a fine contribution but remember what God himself has said, that parents who do not teach their children faith in God, repentance and baptism and the laying on of hands when eight years of age, the sin be upon the heads of the parents. This is not a threat, my brethren and sisters, that is the kind and loving advice of our Heavenly Father who knows all things and understands and realizes what it means when children are allowed to grow up without this training. I want to say that if Latter-day Saint parents are at home where they ought to be, teaching the things they ought to teach, they will be laying the foundations for a group of men and women that, in the not very far distant future, will be carrying on the work of the Lord. We may cry to the Lord with all our might to preserve our sons and daughters, but unless we make our own contribution, I feel that we will awaken when it is too late to the fact that we have been sleeping upon our opportunities.

IT is a wonderful thing to know that this is our Father's Church and to know that the Redeemer, our elder brother, will, in the not-far-distant future, preside over this organization as King of the Kingdom of Heaven. It is a wonderful thing to know that upon this earth, not far from now, will be established the Celestial Kingdom, and the offer has been made to every one of us to become members of that kingdom. Are we doing our best, are we living as we ought to live?

What a joy, what a comfort, what a satisfaction can be added to the lives of our neighbors and friends through kindness. How I would like to write that word in capital letters and emblazon it in the air. Kindness is the power that God has given us to unlock hard hearts and subdue stubborn souls and bring them to an understanding of His purposes, and to this great and wonderful organization is given opportunity to major in that field.

I am grateful to be here, thankful for this fine organization you have; thankful for the sustaining power that you give to these presiding officers, thankful to them for the influence they exert by love and kindness and consideration of one another, thankful to you for what you do in your stakes and wards along this line. But do not forget no matter how much you may give in money, no matter how you may desire the things of this world to make yourselves happy, your happiness will be in proportion to your charity and to your kindness and to your love of those with whom you associate here on earth. Our Heavenly Father has said in very plain terms that he who says he loves God and does not love his brother is not truthful.

OUR conference is at hand. This is the beginning of a great period in the history of the Church. Unusual conditions are all around us and the Lord has offered to you and to me the privilege of speaking the kind word, of giving of our substance, of blessing our fellowmen at a time when it will be appreciated as much as it ever will be in the history of this world. Are you fine women going to take advantage of your opportunity? If you will do that, I can promise you, as a servant of the Lord, that there will be added to your life happiness and satisfaction and comfort, and your homes will be the abiding place of the spirit of our Father, and your sons and daughters will grow up in

the ways of the Lord and the people of the world will look to you and say they not only believe the teachings of our Heavenly Father but they accept them.

MAY the Lord add His blessing and give you the things you need in righteousness and help us all to be worthy of our marvelous heritage and the privileges and blessings of our Father's kingdom. And by and by, for it will not be long for most of us, when the light goes out of our eyes and when our spirits take their flight and when we stand before the Great Judge, who will know all that we have done, may we receive at the hands of the Master of Heaven and Earth that wonderful welcome home: "I bless you, my daughter; I bless you, my son. You have honored me, you have been good to your brothers and your sisters, and in proportion to your faithfulness I now give unto you what you have earned." And won't it be wonderful to have said to us: "Your place is in my Celestial Kingdom; you are crowned with glory, immortality and eternal life, to have the companionship of your Redeemer who will be your law giver, your instructor and your King evermore." I pray that this may be our privilege, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Ring out sweet bells! Sweet Christmas bells!
What cheeriness each clear tone spells;
Ring out! all through this Christmas time,
Fill each sad heart with hope sublime;
Keep chiming through a glad New Year
To help all sorrow disappear.

—*Elsie E. Barrett.*

An Old-Fashioned Romance

By Nora McKay Stevenson

MAIN Street! Main Street!" called the conductor on the First South Street car, a snowy Christmas Eve about thirty years ago.

"First South and Main!" he repeated loudly.

A group of young people, all university seniors, excepting David Jones, who had been compelled to work instead of entering the fall quarter, started to their feet. One of them, a young man wearing a heavy fur-trimmed coat addressed the conductor angrily:

"Say! What's the matter with you? You didn't even come in to collect our fares. I told you we wanted to get off at the theater. Now we'll have to walk back in the snow. I could report you for this."

"Oh, never mind, Art!" one of the girls interposed. "It's only a block. Besides we ought to have been looking out for ourselves. The conductor was busy with that woman who had so many children."

"It's David's fault," laughed Margaret Haines. "He shouldn't have been telling us such interesting things about his work in the lumber camp. I hope he wants to take a girl back with him when he goes."

"If he does it won't be you," jeered Ruth, the pretty blonde. "Can't you see he's through with frivolous women?"

"Oh, I don't know. I heard him humming, 'Two Little Girls in Blue.'"

They all laughed. And the girls gathered up long skirts ready to step down into the snow.

"I'm glad he did take us too far," said Julia White cheerily. "A walk in this lovely storm will do us good."

Julia, a serious-minded, black-eyed, pretty girl of nineteen had not felt so happy since the evening Art had asked her to marry him, as she did tonight. She had told Art to wait until Christmas for his answer. The girl had not been sure that she was not a little in love with David Jones until she saw the two men together.

How poorly dressed and unpolished David was in comparison. His tie did not match his suit, his hands were rough, and his finger nails broken. He was always slow to pick up a girls' handkerchief, and careless about helping with coats and troublesome rubbers.

Julia's mother had always said: When it comes to choosing between young men always choose the finer gentleman."

"I'll do that," Julia thought, as David helped her off the car. "I'll marry Art in the spring."

Art could have helped Julia off the car far less clumsily, but he was telling the conductor that he really had no right to charge them any fare. Finally Art thrust his glove hand deep into his pocket with angry vehemence,

"There's your money," he said, "And be quick about the change. If we miss the first of the opera I'll surely report you."

The conductor handed out the change with stiff red fingers, closed his lips firmly as if to keep back an obvious rejoinder, rang up six fares with careful accuracy, and gave the

signal to go ahead. The car went on into the drifting storm.

David wanted to keep hold of Julia's hand but she broke away and picked up a handful of snow to throw at Art as he was stepping from the car.

But Art was not in a playful mood. He brushed the snow from his beaver collar absently as he counted the money in his palm.

"Say!" Art shouted at last catching up with the others on the curb. "We are in luck! That simple conductor gave me a five dollar gold piece instead of a nickel. I gave him a dollar and should have had seventy cents change, but I have five dollars and sixty-five cents."

"Can't you stop him?" cried Julia, as they all instinctively turned to look for the car.

"What's the use, Julia " laughed Art, "He'll make it up before he gets to the end of the line, you may be sure of that. Those chaps don't lose anything."

"That's right, Art," said one of the other young men. "Why the other day I gave a conductor a quarter, and he went off as cool as you please. 'Where's my change,' I said, 'You gave me a nickel,' said he. And there was no one to swear that I didn't except myself, and I did not count."

"But that does not make any difference," insisted Julia. "Because one conductor was dishonest, we need not be. Art, I think it is just like stealing to keep that money." Her round chin protruded firmly, and there was a serious look in her dark eyes.

"Oh, come along!" said Art, ignoring her protest, and with an easy laugh dropped the money into his pocket. "Just because it is Christmas you are letting sentiment run away with you. The street car company will not go without dinner tomorrow. Let's forget about it."

"All right," conceded Julia, laying her hand on Art's arm. "I guess that is all we can do."

No one noticed the look of disappointment on David's face. It was not like Julia to give in calmly without making Art promise to return the money.

"Did anyone notice the conductor's number?" David ventured.

"How stupid of me," said Art stopping short. "I meant to report the fellow, yet I forgot to take his number! Oh well my temper is so short lived I most likely would have forgotten it by tomorrow anyway."

"I wasn't thinking of making a complaint," stammered David.

But already they were laughing and talking about something else, and did not hear what he said. He walked soberly along scarcely noticing the trend of the conversation, or that Ruth Parmlee was trying to keep step at his side. David had never felt more alone at the logging camp miles and miles from any other human being. What was wrong? Had they all changed, or had he? It seemed that in the few months he had been away he had forgotten to speak their language. Of course he never had spent much time running around with the crowd, and he couldn't keep up a conversation of small talk.

"Julia has always been beside me before," David thought, "That is what is wrong. I shouldn't have let myself think of her as being my girl —my future wife." A tightness came in his throat that made it hard to swallow. "We are like strangers. She has changed."

The great door of the Salt Lake Theater was just ahead. In a moment the party was within its

friendly shelter, stamping off the snow.

"Good gracious, look at me!" giggled Ruth, surveying herself in the mirror. "My hair hangs out like the fringe on Grandma's shawl."

"Anybody got my talcum " whispered Margaret Haines as they entered the dressing room. "My nose is as red as a beet."

"I've got a little corn starch in my handkerchief," answered Ruth. "It's a good thing my bob is in the right place on top of my head to hold my hat on," Ruth continued, "I lost both my hat pins in the snow. They were good ones, too."

"Straighten my collar, will you please, Margaret?" asked Julia, "One of the whale bones is sticking straight into my neck."

"You know, I wish that conductor hadn't given us too much money," remarked Margaret, as the girls joined the boys in the lobby. "I've heard they have to make up their accounts if they make a mistake, and maybe that poor man will have nothing left for Christmas."

"Cheese it girl! Cheese it!" hissed Art, taking off his overcoat, "You'll make me wish I'd never treated you to this swell show."

Properly squelched, the girl said no more, but quietly led the way down the aisle.

"It's a mistake," David reflected, as he followed the rest and slumped into an aisle seat next to Ruth. "I shouldn't have joined the party at the last minute—just as I got into town." It was humiliating to find his seat paid for by his rival, and realize that all of them, even Julia would have had just as good a time without him.

"We just think David is here," laughed Julia once, leaning toward him, "We see him with our eyes, but we never hear him."

"David did all his talking in the car," said Art.

"I think he's lonesome for the hum of the saw mill," declared Ruth.

Just then the soft strains of the overture to "Lohengrin" filled the theater. David loved music. It spoke to him tonight of happy days in the logging camp when he had been thinking of Julia. It brought to his mind long nights in the open when he had dreamed of the girl as his wife. It hummed sadly, of unsatisfied longings, of endless, empty, lonely years.

Mournfully David looked at Julia, to see if she felt as he did, and discovered that under cover of a hat Art had taken cool possession of her hand. A frenzy of jealous passion shook him.

Once when David's eyes met Julia's he had the sensation of sitting there entirely alone with her. Then the music and voices grew on his ears and the figures of the others again took shape on every side.

"Gosh, I'm crazy!" he muttered to himself, "I'd better get out of here." Silently David slipped from his seat and fled up the aisle.

OUT in the night with the storm beating on his hot face he felt better, kicking snow savagely before him David walked thoughtfully toward Main Street. Steeped in wretchedness the man belittled himself.

"Shucks! Who am I, anyway? I've got no money. I can't finish my education. I'm nobody. No wonder Julia couldn't love me. Why was I fool enough to come home for Christmas? It's a sure thing I'm not wanted here. I might have known when her letters got so scarce that something was wrong. I'd better clear out—and stay out."

Holiday cheer was in the air. Even

tired women dragging tired children through the slush were smiling instead of grumbling. Here and there a harassed looking man with perhaps a single package it had taken him the whole afternoon to select plodded stolidly along. All had the same tolerant good humor. But David did not notice.

As the young man neared Main Street the clanging of a street car drew his attention. Was it the same car? He started running.

The car stopped. The conductor, reaching the rear platform after taking up the fares, peered through the door wondering why the person they had stopped for did not get on. Through the whirling snow he saw the red unsmiling face of a young man. With hand on the signal strap the conductor called,

"All aboard! We can't wait all night."

"Here's you change," David said in a lifeless tone. "You remember you gave a fellow with a fur collar a five dollar gold piece instead of a nickel." David held out the money to the conductor, who took it like one in a daze.

"Thank you, sir. Thank you. I haven't had time to count up," he stammered. "It would have been terrible if it had been gone. That five dollars means Christmas for my family."

"I thought it might be like that," answered David, "A fellow needs all he earns. Here's a little present for the wife," he added as an after thought. "Tell her Merry Christmas for me."

Before the conductor could protest David had gone.

"Merry Christmas!" called the conductor, gazing in the direction David had taken, "Merry Christmas to you."

"Say, what we waitin' for?" shouted the motorman from the front platform. "We're way behind schedule now."

The conductor looking at the money in his hand, automatically rang the bell, and the car went on into the night.

THE curtain had risen for the second act when David resumed his seat in the theater.

"Oh, David what made you miss it?" whispered Ruth.

"I think you very foolish to let anything make you miss even a tiny bit of this wonderful opera," said Julia.

"There are some people who just can't appreciate good music," smiled Art sarcastically.

David said nothing, but their words did not hurt him. His walk in the storm had given him fortitude.

The music had changed to a merrier tone. David bowed pleasantly to people near whom he had not noticed before. He remembered that when he was a small boy he had sat in a box with his father and mother. How different life might have been, he thought, if his parents had lived. If they could see him now. David hoped they would not know how lonely he felt.

THE moon and stars were shining when the opera was over, and the crowd went to Franklin's for cocoa and cake.

"Going to be busy tomorrow afternoon?" David said in an undertone to Julia, when he thought no one would hear.

"I don't know, why?"

"I'd like to come over," he smiled into her eyes. "What did you think of Margaret's suggestion that I take a girl back to the lumber camp?"

"I hadn't thought of it," Julia answered, "I will be busy all day tomorrow."

"Oh!" David murmured.

He noticed the little brown ringlets around Julia's pink ear, and the slim figure moving like a fragment of silk animated by a spirit.

"She's much too lovely for a fellow like me. Art can take better care of her. I want her to be happy," he thought and he sighed deeply.

WHEN Julia reached home after the opera her parents were still up wrapping packages, and filling boxes to be delivered as soon as they were up next morning. They were the kind of people who never miss a chance to contribute to a worthy cause, or to a needy person.

"There's a box to fill with jelly and things for Ellen Grow," said Mrs. White, bustling back and forth between pantry and kitchen. "Maybe you'll help with it Julia. I have a few more pin-feathers to get out of this turkey."

"You mean Ellen, who used to work for us? I thought she went to Idaho," remarked Julia, absently picking out the best apples and oranges to put in the box.

"She did. It was just an accident that we found out she is back. Pa saw her husband. He's a street car conductor. The name is Murdock. Ellen and one of the babies have been sick. Poor Ellen. She always did seem more like a daughter than just a hired girl. Fill the box as full as you can."

Julia scarcely heard what her mother said. Her mind was full of her own affairs. Tomorrow Art would come to dinner. Afterward he would take her for a sleigh-ride, and she would promise to marry him. Next Christmas she would be wrapping packages in her own home. Would Art enjoy helping her? She was filling nuts into the small corners of the box.

"I'll get my twin dolls," the girl said to herself. "Ellen's children will like them. No use to keep them now, just because David and I used to play with them."

"There! That pesky bird is ready for stuffing," Mrs. White said, hanging the turkey on the screened porch. "I believe it's going to be tender. My! How late it is. Merry Christmas, Pa. Merry Christmas, Julia. Let's go to bed. I'm dead tired."

But Julia was not disposed for sleep. She walked to the window and drew aside the curtain. The moon was shining brightly on the snow. The city was sleeping quietly in the white radiance—a tranquil hour in a turbulent world. She almost wished the night might never end. With a sigh Julia left the window and walked across the room. Where was the elation which belonged to a girl about to become engaged? Art will make a substantial husband—no doubt about that—but David—it was just a year ago he had playfully called her sweetheart. What had been the matter with him at the theater? Why had he missed a whole act?

EVEN as the girl was thinking of him, David, with his world tumbling about him, was wandering aimlessly about in the snow, drugging himself with detailed memories of the happy hours he had spent with her. And trying to realize what life would be like without Julia. It was not easy. One minute he burned with rebellion, and the next, overflowed with bitterness. David grew calmer as fatigue overpowered him. He went to his room, and sat motionless in a chair near the window. It was a long night. When he heard his Aunt's family about, looking for Christmas presents, and calling "Merry Christmas" to each other, he

threw himself miserably on the bed, and must have fallen into a troubled sleep for the next thing he knew his Aunt was calling him to dinner.

Appearing as cheerful as possible, David joined the family. There were gifts he wanted to give, and some he must receive. It was all mechanical.

He exclaimed heartily over the toys Santa Claus had brought the children, and over their thoughtful remembrances for him. David helped his Aunt bring in the food from the kitchen, and carved the turkey with a flourish that deceived them all. But while they were eating a sudden resolve crystallized in his mind.

"I'm leaving for the logging camp again this afternoon," he announced decidedly.

There was a chorus of "don'ts" from the youngsters, with a recital of all the festivities they planned, and a sincere protest from his Aunt, for David was a favorite with the family. But in spite of them all he went to his room at the finish of the meal and began throwing things into his suit case.

MEANWHILE, Julia, tucked snugly beside her father in the cutter was delivering boxes and baskets. Young George White, with the red sleigh Santa had brought, trailed the cutter at the end of a long rope. Julia loved to hear the horses sharp-shod feet on the crisp snow, the jingle of the sleigh-bells, and her brother's happy laughter behind them.

Ellen's was the last place they had to call.

They drew up before the uninviting little house. Scarcely a thread of smoke showed above the chimney. And when Julia opened the door, the bareness of the room momentarily drove all her cheerfulness from her. Fortunately her lack was fully made up by the pale Ellen, wrapped in a blanket beside the little stove, who exclaimed excitedly:

"Oh my dear! my dear! There isn't a soul in the world I'd sooner see this lovely morning than my little Julia. My, how you've bloomed! Turn around and let me look at you. Darling, you are beautiful." Ellen turned to Mr. White. "How do you keep the boys from running off with her?" She gave him no time to answer, but ran on talking rapidly until Julia wondered if she were delirious.

"We've just had a terrible time. John was out of work so long. We couldn't even buy the eggs and milk the doctor said was necessary if we wanted the children to be well. But thank goodness the children are better, and I'm nearly well. And John has a job, and last night some young man made John a present of some money. Then the company let him off early and he came home loaded with all the good things he could carry. This is the best Christmas I've ever had. On top of it all, I'm so happy to see you." She stopped for breath and Julia hurriedly said:

"Mother wanted to come herself, but she couldn't leave this morning. We brought a few things for the children." Mr. White was already peeling an orange for the little boy. "Mother is anxious to see you. She always was fond of you, Ellen, and is glad you are back in town. She was——." Julia stopped short, as the back door opened and a man came in carrying a bucket of coal.

"This is my husband," Ellen said quickly, "John, this is Mr. White and Julia, of whom you have heard me talk so much."

"Mr. White and I already know each other," John said, as he stepped across the floor to shake hands. "How do you do, Miss Julia." He smiled.

"Why, why——you are the conductor," Julia stammered, giving him a limp hand.

"Yes. And you are one of the young people I took past the theater," he laughed. "It's a good thing I didn't know that I had made a mistake in the change until the young man brought the five dollars back. I could hardly have lived through such a loss. It was mighty fine of that rich chap in the fur coat to send it back so promptly. And the one who brought the money—— I'll never forget him. Insisted on my taking a five as a Christmas present for my wife." John looked affectionately at Ellen. "The fellow was tall, with a very tanned face, and made me feel as if he were in some sort of trouble himself."

Julia was bewildered. She knew well that Art had not sent the money back——David! It must have been David! He had left the opera just to go out to find that conductor! And they had all said rude things to him when he returned. How could she have been so thoughtless? A lump gathered in her throat. Not another word did she hear although Ellen and her father were both talking when she interrupted to say,

"I——I think we had better go, Father. Mother will wonder where we are so long."

ON the way home Mr. White looked questioningly at his daughter, but she did not speak. Neither the horses' hoofs nor the sleigh-bells made any impression on her thoughts. It was as if a great light had been switched on in her brain. The worry of indecision had vanished, and she saw plain as day what she wanted to do more than anything else in the world—what she had always wanted to do. She wanted to marry David. She could never marry anyone but David.

She went straight to her desk when they reached home. Quickly as possible she wrote two notes.

"Here, George, take this note to David Jones. It's important," Julia said, handing her young brother one of the missives.

But even as she was writing to David, that young man stood on his Aunt's porch, suit case in hand.

"You'll know, Aunt Clara, if you don't hear from me that I'm all right. No news is good news. There comes the car." He was through the gate. "Good-bye" he called running rapidly toward First South.

"Davie! Hey, Davie Jones!" shouted George, as he rounded the corner in time to see David getting onto the car.

George ran with all his might and shouted with every step, but David did not turn and the car gathered speed.

"Now what'll I do?" George asked himself. "Sis said it was important. Then his eyes fell upon a farmer driving along in a bobsleigh.

"Hey Mister!" George called running toward the man, "I gotta catch a guy on that car."

The farmer looked uncomprehendingly at the boy.

"I wantta catch that car!" George repeated, climbing in.

"Oh." The man seemed to understand. "Gidd-up," he said, clicking calmly at the team.

George saw the distance between themselves and the street car steadily increase. David would be on the train before they were half way to town.

Picking up the farmer's whip, George lashed the surprised horses. They tore down the street, leaving a cloud of flying snow and ice behind them.

"You mean little whelp," the driver muttered sawing on the lines.

The car didn't stop at Fourth East or at Third, but at Second there were people waiting to get on.

George began yelling. The horses were galloping.

Just as the passengers entered the car, the bob-sleigh raced past.

"Davie! Davie!" George was shouting at the top of his voice, and waving the letter. Everyone in the car looked out to see what was up.

The farmer got the team under control. They slowed down, and George jumped out at Main Street.

David got off the car, face red.

"What in the devil do you want? I'll miss my train," he growled.

"Here's a letter from your girl," George grinned, "But Whew! what a chase I've had. Let a feller read it will you?" And he started walking backward, letter behind him. "I deserve to read it. I need experience with wimmen, too," he teased, "Us men ought to stick together."

David made one sudden lunge at the youngster, and took the note from his grasp.

It took the second reading to make David quite sure of the meaning of the written words.

"Dear David," he read, "I'm curious to know who's going back to the logging camp with you."

Julia.

P. S. "I'll be home all the rest of the day."—J. W.

Correggio

MADONNA

(Detail from Holy Night)

A CHRISTMAS LULLABY

By Bryce W. Anderson

A small, curly head on a pillow, so still—
Who'd think that with visions and dreams it is filled?
Who'd know that the Spirit of Christmas has brought
A fairy-tale world to this wee, sleeping tot,
While mother sings lullabies, dreamy and low,
That mingle in Dreamland with visions aglow?

Listen close, my dear child, very close. Do you hear
The soft-padding hoofbeats of Santa's reindeer?
Look close, my dear babe, very close. Do you spy
The Christ-child a-smiling at you from on high?

The Sugar-plum Army's advancing tonight.
They leap in the stockings with cries of delight;
And the child murmurs softly, and stirs in his dreams,
As he journeys through Fairyland's glorious scenes;
While the mother sings low: (There's a tear in her eye,
But it's joy, and not sorrow, that moves her to cry.)

Listen close, my dear child, very close. Do you hear
The soft-padding hoofbeats of Santa's reindeer?
Look close, my dear babe, very close. Do you spy
The Christ-child a-smiling at you from on high?

The General of Toyland has taken the field,
With his stick-candy sword and his butter-scotch shield;
While the snowflakes without shroud the world all in white,
Till the Christmas-day sun brings the morning's first light.
And perhaps 'tis an angel that's singing, somewhere,
The song that comes clear through the Christmasy air:

Listen close, my dear child, very close. Do you hear
The soft-padding hoofbeats of Santa's reindeer?
Look close, my dear babe, very close. Do you spy
The Christ-child a-smiling at you from on high?

Dr. Romania B. Pratt Penrose

By Annie Wells Cannon

"A wondrous gift thou hast, I know thy power,
To help the sick, to comfort in distress;
Greater than riches is the potent dower,
The magic touch that charms like a caress.

"'Tis good to do such deeds of usefulness,
To be so calm, so wise, such skill to lend;
To brave the world with such deep earnestness
One cannot prize too highly such a friend."

—*E. B. Wells.*

THE above lines, part of a poem written expressly for Dr. Penrose, beautifully express the thoughts of the many friends who knew her and have felt the tenderness of her ministrations.

The death of Doctor Romania B. Penrose which occurred November 9, 1932, marks the passing of one of the most prominent and beloved women of Mormondom. Dr. Romania measured up to the best as daughter, wife, mother, friend. She neither failed nor wavered at any task assigned her, nor any duty imposed, reserving always the right to maintain her dignity and self-respect. In the profession which she so efficiently filled through a period of thirty-five years, she was not only the physician but the sympathetic motherly nurse; in her social relations, friendly, sincere and helpful; in her church affiliations loyal and devout.

FEW women are endowed with more gracious qualities. She possessed a brilliant mind, a keen sense of humor, a constant desire for knowledge that never left her. Even in the last few years of her retired invalidism she kept her mind in touch with the world's progress through the mediums of the press and radio, like one in the midst of the day's turmoil. These qualities primarily enabled her to meet life's exigencies bravely, to overcome difficulties, which only too frequently beset her path, to solve problems which might have dismayed one less courageous and make life always interesting and worth while.

DR. ROMANIA was a beautiful woman without the aid of fine adornment, small in stature, refined in nature, with clear cut features and, in her younger years, a wealth of soft brown hair which hung in natural curls over her shoulders. In looks much the type of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Nevertheless she was fond of pretty things and in her travels along life's way possessed herself as far as her means permitted of pieces of rare lace, fine china, soft furs and rare books which perhaps too often she bestowed upon her friends for hers was a generous soul.

She possessed many accomplishments acquired in her youth where in private schools she was taught music, art, and German, besides the usual scholastic training. These accomplishments not only added to her attractions but served as a means of support when in the early days in the valley she had to help her widowed mother support the family.

ROMANIA B. PENROSE was born at Washington, Wayne Co., Indiana, on the 8th of August, 1839. Her parents, Luther B. and Esther M. Bunnell accepted the teachings of the Gospel and moved to Nauvoo, Ill., when she was about seven years old. They left that ill-fated city at the time of the exodus and journeyed to Winter Quarters on the "edge of the wilderness." The one incident which impressed itself most indelibly upon the mind of the little child at that time was the departure of the Mormon Battalion, the story of which she often related in later years. Her father felt unwilling to remain on the frontier with his little family and decided to take them back East to Ohio, his native state, until things looked more propitious for their welfare, which he did in all good feeling hoping later to follow the Saints to their looked-for Zion. At the time of the gold rush to California, 1849, Luther Bunnell joined a company bound westward hoping to acquire sufficient means to bring his family to Utah, but fate was against him and he died of fever in the gold camps. He, however, had accumulated a quantity of gold and cached it and this, recovered by a relative was found sufficient for their emigration and the purchase of a home in the valley, where they arrived in September, 1855. That was a trying time, the gasshoppers had destroyed every green thing, prices were high and food hard to get. It was then Romania, just sixteen, began to teach. Soon her earnings were supplemented by a legacy received from the Bunnell estate and with many comforts and things desired they again looked happily on life when "the move" to Provo came because of the expected arrival of Johnston's army. The little home with its much prized piano, a great luxury in those days, was left ready to be fired the same as other homes should the army carry out its threats and take the city, but fortunately these difficulties were skilfully manipulated and the people able to return and occupy their homes again finding everything unmolested.

DR. ROMANIA B. PENROSE

FEBRUARY 23, 1859, Romania was married to Parley P. Pratt, eldest son of Parley P. Pratt the apostle. They had seven children two of them a little son and the only daughter dying in infancy. In their early married life they met many reverses and had several business disappointments which were most discouraging. It was at this period, when she was assisting her husband in editing and publishing his father's autobiography that the call came to her from President

Brigham Young to go East and study medicine. She explained her financial difficulties and domestic cares and with his wise counsel these matters were arranged and the course in medicine made possible. She accepted the call which in reality was a mission and left her four young boys to the protecting care and guidance of her mother. The wisdom which actuated the call was never questioned. Young men and women were settling in far places carrying out a plan of colonization in the western territory where there were neither doctors nor nurses. Under such conditions lives were constantly jeopardized and it was evident this danger should be overcome. Dr. Romania was the first of a number of women to go East to study medicine not only for practice but to teach classes of women in the art of nursing and midwifery.

SHE graduated from the Woman's Medical College in Pennsylvania in 1877, spending the winter vacations at the Hospital for Women and Children in Boston. Two years after graduation she went to New York City and took courses of study at the Eye and Ear Infirmary under eminent specialists. Upon her return she held classes in obstetrical science and nursing. Hundreds of women came from the country towns to these classes to return and render this much needed service.

WHEN the Deseret Hospital was opened in 1882 Dr. Romania was a member of the board of directors and an attending physician having special care of the eye, ear and throat cases. In 1887 she became resident physician and in connection with the hospital opened and conducted a school for nurses.

WHEN the Relief Society central board was organized in 1880 by President John Taylor, Dr. Romania was appointed assistant general secretary to Mrs. Sarah M. Kimball, a position she held until the incorporation of the Relief Society in 1891, when the General Board of Directors was chosen. She then became one of the directors, a position she held for thirty years. As a member of this Board she traveled extensively both in the stakes of the Church and the missions. She was a pleasing and instructive speaker and a valuable member on committees for Relief Society work.

EVER mindful of her responsibility to her boys she provided for their education and welfare as well as in her power lay and when in later years they began making homes for themselves she became the wife of President Charles W. Penrose. January 1907 President Penrose left home to preside over the European Mission and she accompanied him. Besides doing her part as the mother in that mission Dr. Romania engaged in some fine Relief Society work. During the first year she assisted in organizing 19 branches in the British Mission and reorganizing many others. She also attended by appointment from Governor John C. Cutler of Utah, The Woman's International Suffrage Alliance held at Amsterdam, Holland, in June, 1908, where she made an address on Suffrage in Utah and other Western states which was very well received. The following year in May, 1909, she again attended an International gathering of women in London, England, as a delegate from the Relief Society and took part in the discussions. She also, with her husband, went with President Joseph F. Smith's party on a

trip through the Southern States where at Atlanta, Georgia, the new chapel was dedicated. On this journey a number of places of interest in Church history were visited.

DR. ROMANIA was a charter member of the Utah Woman's Press Club and the Reapers' Club, both founded by her friend Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells and both for the purpose of culture along literary lines; one more for general study, the other for training in writing for publication and newspaper work. Her contributions to these societies were excellent and many fine articles from her pen were published in local papers.

THE long years of her eventful life held no grace or quality more marked than her gentle and helpful motherhood. Her charities were many and unknown except to those benefited. Her professional attentions were just as liberal and as skillful to those who could not pay as to the richer class of patients. Her friendships were loyal and unbounded, her faith sublime. She was a consistent Latter-day Saint in very deed. To such women come full recompense. During the long and unhappy illness of her aged mother she gave devoted service and in her last years of a like condition her children were equally attentive. Her son Mark and his generous wife Augusta at whose home she died bestowing sympathetic care and devotion. She leaves four sons, ten grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. What a glorious heritage is theirs.

DR. ROMANIA'S long life, nearly a century, was filled with incidents of adventure and historic interest. To relate only the marvelous changes in the world which she witnessed would fill a volume, when finally life's curtain was drawn aside and she was permitted to join the loved ones gone before—the Choir Invisible—how welcome must have been that sweet repose.

Mantled Tree

—By Vesta Pierce Crawford

When I saw the mantled winter tree
Draped like a gleaming bride,
In jewels and a veil of clinging mist
Against the walled mountain side,
I listened to hear wind-hushed song;
But all the place was cold and still;
And radiant tree in quiet mood,
Was locked in the white arms of solitude!

At Mary's Feet

By Claire Stewart Boyer

KEITH MANNERS, Christian, paced the heathen streets of Chenghow in distress. He walked between the rows of low mud-huts, unconscious of the filthy odors that crept lazily from the half open doors and mingled with the dust from his feet. Yet somehow he seemed to be entirely aware of the surroundings, for, though his eyes stared into the dusk ahead, and his hands hung loosely in his great coat pockets, his steps were unhesitating. He was unmistakably American, but in his cramped attitude there was something of the same uncanny hopelessness that characterized the intermingled huts and grave mounds about him. The droop of his shoulders was as noticeably Chinese as if he had dragged through thirty years of life as a coolie, and there was also a foreign heaviness to his walk. Outwardly he asked nothing but the privilege of being let alone; inwardly he was besought with a thousand demon fears that struggled for supremacy.

A December chill swept the treeless northern plains and wrapt itself about the little village, but no one knew that it was Christmas. No one knew and no one cared, no one except the lonely Christian. For the only Americans in Chenghow was the little group of missionaries to which he belonged and they had left that morning for Peking to spend their holiday. When they had pronounced themselves ready to go Keith Manners had been missing.

All day long he had wandered about the country, afoot, trying to fight the spirit of failure and desolation that had taken possession of him. He had passed through the walls of the city and had sought the bleak hills for solitude. But up there, with a view of the valley below, he had become more unhappy. Walls! Walls! Nothing but colorless walls! Walls around the houses, around districts, around the city. He felt that China had even built a wall about his soul and prevented him from becoming a bigger and better man. He shivered and started back to town.

Evening found him still wandering; Christmas night, and he a lonely Christian in a pagan land. He felt not only like a man without a country, but a man without a God. For three years he had struggled hard to bring the unbelieving souls about him to a knowledge of Christ, and he had failed. Not one convert to his credit, no reward for his unceasing toil and faith. And they had had so much faith in him at home. Again and again he recalled his last day at home: the Church sociable, the family dinner where envy and pride and love glowing in the eyes of all around him, had given him supreme faith; and lastly his moments alone with Donna, who had staked her woman's heart on his success. He had been filled with the glory of Christianity. Like a knight in search of the Holy Grail he had girded himself and started forth, on a quest that was sanctified. That had been three years before. This morning he had received their Christmas cheer, their messages of renewed faith and love. Donna had sweetly reprimanded him for not telling of his conversions. She had praised and even flattered him, giv-

ing him her devoted assurance of his success. That had hurt him most. But he was glad that he had not sent the diamond that lay in its silken case in his pocket—the symbol of his success. For that had been his promise to Donna, that only if he succeeded would he ask her to become his wife.

The first months of his mission had been filled with hope. Before he had been able to accomplish much, except learn the Chinese dialect, a year had gone. During the first part of the second year, he had met at Peking a traveling Hindu, who had a small store of gems, and had been able to purchase an exquisite stone quite beyond his hopes in size and lustre. But his conscience had not allowed him to send it—he had not succeeded. And so went the second year. With the approach of the third winter, he had carried the diamond in his pocket, trying harder than ever to make the words of the Savior ring in the hearts of his hearers.

Only once had he noticed a face light up with a Christian ray. He had met a Chinese girl returning from her ancestral tombs, and no one being present to prevent him, he had talked to her of Christ. She had told him her name was Lili Chang and had given him a tiny silken watch case that she had embroidered with her own hands. Time and again he had looked for her. He had wandered often among the tombs and waited outside the temples of worship, but he had never seen her again.

So came the third Christmas and with it an overpowering sense of failure. He had no heart to revel with the Americans at Peking. So he had slipped away when his fellow missionaries were to leave, that he might fight out his problem alone. Perhaps in some way he could regain the spirit, he had lost. He fumbled with the precious amulet in his pocket and walked on slackening his steps as he neared the heart of the town.

The hour for sacrifice was over and quietly and quickly people drifted into the street. A few late laborers shuffled past, beggars, and young girls whose pallid wistfulness pierced the night air in ghastly appeal. Little crippled forms shambled out before the American and made him shudder.

Presently a peculiar moan coming from a grave mound caused him to turn his head. There was no light. He looked above, but even the stars were shrouded. Glancing around to see that no curious eyes followed him he headed toward the dark objects to his left. Out through a barren field, he stumbled. Distress, other than his own, caused him to forget. As he drew closer to the mound he discerned a moving mass at its base. The voice was that of a woman, and he stopped and tried to raise the form that sprawled frantically in the dirt. As she resisted his aid he tried to speak, but sobbing cut him short. Without looking at him she wrenched herself free with inexplicable force. Again he mustered his dialect, but at his first word she uttered a fearful shriek and fled terrorized into the night. He sprang after her and though the dusk had deepened, caught one glimpse of her averted face. He stopped. Dizzily he faltered back to the grave mound and bent over it. A handful of fresh dirt revealed that the grave was a recent one. And the woman's face! Where had he seen that face before? Slowly he turned and retracing his steps to the highway, continued his course.

Now every sound attracted him,

every passer by he scrutinized. A shapeless cripple with twisted arms and a head deformed put out its claws for a copper. He thrust his hands into his pockets but they contained only the one little roll of silk enveloping the diamond. The momentary flicker of hope that had enlivened his pale face, faded; he shook his head and brushed past. Ten steps farther on another creature confronted him, begging piteously. Vexed with the knowledge that he had nothing to give he quickened his pace, only to be besieged by a group of infant beggars, bowing continually, their little shaven heads bobbing up and down in the cold night air. Their childish pleading held him captive. He could not remember having seen so many mendicants before, except perhaps on the day of his arrival. Yet they must have been there these three years. Compassion swept him. His moist fingers opened and closed over the little silk object in his pocketed hand. He surveyed the scattered shops with their lanterns burning dimly. Once more he looked down at the beggar children who stared up at him uncomprehendingly.

Resolutely he clutched the precious symbol of love. Only a moment he hesitated, then turned toward the placarded pawn shop. He could at least do that much—put Christmas into the hearts of these, Christ's most unfortunate of children.

He entered the narrow door, pushing back the silken tapestries with his left hand, holding in his right all that was left of his dream. The shop dealer sat at a small table. Keith cautiously unwrapped his gem. For a second he rolled it about in the palm of his hand lovingly then held it toward the pawn-broker and asked,

"How much?"

The man looked at it hard and long, then squinted up at the American, anger and suspicion in his eyes.

"Where you get him?"

A bit confused at the darting look Keith Manners shifted his weight to his other foot. Almost unconcernedly he ventured,

"Peking."

"You know him worth?"

"Yes."

"Then why you bring him here?" His eyes blazed, he waved his arm furiously and muttered unintelligible curses. Keith swept the bits of silk that had encased the gem into his pocket, and went quickly through the door and into the streets. His suppliants had gathered there to meet him, but he fled past them like a mad man. He held but two gifts: a truth so precious that he could not administer to their starving souls, a gem so valuable that he could not even aid their suffering bodies. He could do nothing.

Past the extreme end of the village, out through a field of unproductive clay, flowed the Koong River. Unconsciously toward it Keith Manners strode. He was startled when he struck its banks for he had expected to go on and on and on over endless, hopeless plains. He cringed at the thought its muddied surfaes recalled, for here he had been told were thrown the unwanted babies of Chenghow. He sat down, bracing his knees with his arms, and letting his head rest upon them. All was darkness and stillness and loneliness. And yet for the first time that day he felt a sort of companionship. There was the crooning of a night bird. He listened again, never before had he heard that sound. It was near, perhaps in the willow bush not

twenty feet away. As he rose he noticed that one star had parted the curtains of heaven. Cautiously he went toward the sound. It was a sad human wail, yet curiously sweet.

For the third time that night Keith Manners was startled. There seated on the river bank was a woman. A glorious serenity pervaded her features, and she bent protectingly over her new-born child. The crooning ceased, and she raised her face fearfully to the Christian. There was a moment's uncertainty. Then, swift as recognition can be given in silence, between two who share some divine thought, Lili Chang's face cleared. She tried to speak, but caught at her throat with her slim right hand. Keith Manners came nearer.

"Why, O why are you here, Lili Chang?" he stammered. A smile passed faintly from her eyes and brushed her features, O! so lightly.

"It is because of your Christ Man I am here," she answered calmly. "You remember the day you come to me and tell me of Him, O so gladly?"

"I thought you had forgot it Lili Chang. I thought that you were lost."

"O no. The Christian is not lost. I be a Christian too. So soon I tell my husband and we have the secret. No more we worship Buddah. Then someone know, and he, my husband die. Today he die."

A little wail escaped her lips.

"So I come here to give your Christ Man my baby."

Sobs choked her and the man kneeling at her feet swallowed hard.

"You love our Christ?" he managed.

"I am no more to my people. I am for your Christ."

"And the—the child," stammered the man.

"I give him to your Christ Man too."

"Not to die?"

"No, die. You say we no die. We go see your Christ Man; me and my little baby."

"But first Lili Chang you must live, live for our Christ Man first. You must bring him," pointing to the stirring bundle in her arms, "you must bring him to love Christ too."

"Yes, I think of that. But if he no love the Christ Man when he be big, it better for him to go to Christ Man now." She cuddled the tiny form against her heart and tear drops glistened in her eyes.

"But you have faith Lili Chang. Put that faith in Christ. He gave you your little son and will watch over him. Perhaps—"he spoke as one inspired, "perhaps your child will be the savior of your nation."

The face of Lili Chang was glorified.

"My baby? My baby bring the heaven to the earth?"

"If it is His will."

He raised his eyes to heaven and uttered a Christian prayer. Stars had filled the sky. The heavens were bright. Christ's spirit had entered the heathen land—it flooded the plain and lit up the faces of the three Christians. Through tears of joy the Chinese Madonna gazed at her child and seemed to see a halo round his head, and Keith Manners, like a wise man of old, kneeling at this foreign Mary's feet, drew forth his glittering tribute and placed it in the precious baby's hand.

THE STAR AND THE CROSS

By Ann Jarvis

"He comes, the Christus comes," the angels sang
Amidst a glory that enshrouded earth
And filled the heavens with celestial light.
One Star shone brighter, clearer than the rest,
Eclipsing with a golden light the moon's
Pale silver and the faintly glowing sparks
Of common skies. A Child of woman born
The shepherds and the wise men seeking found;
Yet even as His Star out-shone its brethren,
This Babe was purer, finer than the rest,
Raised far above the little sons of men,
A Teacher of Mankind, the Son of God.

Years passed. That Star, forgotten in men's minds
Long since, had turned into a Cross
Which stood in silhouette against the sky,
Contrasted with the angry fire from God,
Black, cheerless, mingling with the stormy darkness.
A cry of stifled agony, "Forgive them, Father,
For they know not what they do!" Stillness reigned
On Calvary and mortals wept for Him.

And so today when I behold His Star
In fancy far above that church's steeple,
Casting its beams on yonder man-made cross;
I think of Him, the simple life He led,
Pure, noble, and the Promise He fulfilled,
Those crowning incidents in His life span
Which symbolize the beginning, not the end.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

IT is the Christmas month. Hearts beat warmer, and thoughts are kindlier because long years ago in far away Bethany a Man was born, who taught a sinful world the gospel of love.

In memory of Him, shepherds still bring gifts and angels sing,

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

HELEN KELLAR, miracle girl, won the *Pictorial Review* achievement prize this year for her work for the blind. This $5,000 added to the gifts of Jane Addams and Carrie Chapman Catt, prize winners of the last two years, completes the fund for the Foundation for the Blind built up by the individual efforts of Miss Kellar.

MISS PHYLLIS MARSHALL, also blind, is dramatic director for the Lighthouse Players. These blind players have built their own Little Theatre and are doing marvelous work under her direction.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILAY has revived a one-act play written in college days called "The Princess Marries the Page," a charming piece of blank verse. While not pretentious it is surprisingly delightful.

KATHERINE BURCH, novelist, has become columnist for *College Humor.*

PEARL BUCK of Good Earth fame is now in America where she contemplates writing a third book, further interpreting China.

PHYLLIS BENTLEY'S novel "Inheritance" follows the Galsworthy saga idea of family life through several generations. It is the story of an English family in the textile industry.

CHARLOTTE PRENTIS BROWNING, 96, has written her memoirs called "Full Harvest." Age seems neither to have dimmed her mind or memory. The book is most interesting. She sums up her experiences in this phrase, "To all who would know the crowning joys of life I recommend the nineties."

EDNA SEARCY, age 17, of Louisiana having heard that produce in lieu of cash would be accepted in tuition at the State University appeared on the campus one day driving nine head of cattle. She was admitted to the University all right.

SANTA DICA" of San Paulo, Brazil, is a second Joan of Arc. After many prophetic visions she donned a white uniform buckled on her sword and led a large army against federal troops fighting the San Paulo rebels.

FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLIS has taken charge of the American Mission at Stockholm, Sweden. The first woman minister in our diplomatic service. The minister left on a furlough and she cabled Secretary of State Stimson, "The minister left last night. I have assumed charge."

Signed *"Willis."*

THE HON. KATHERINE PLUNKETT of Ireland, the oldest woman in the British Isles, died recently at the age of 112. She scorned nearly everything modern even England's great humorist Bernard Shaw. She lived through the reigns of four sovereigns and recalled Sir Walter Scott, Palmerston, Disraeli and Gladstone.

A Holiday Luncheon

By Lucy Rose Middleton

AS variety is the spice of life, so hospitality is the spice of Christmas. The spirit of good cheer and happiness is everywhere. Everyone loves the holidays; oh yes, everyone except old Scrooge. And, if I remember right, even he changed his ideas on the subject—so that makes it unanimous. Entertaining at this time becomes a gracious social custom. From the White House, with all its beauty and splendor to the humblest home of the land there is no exception.

For days and probably weeks beforehand the hostess is planning the means of giving most pleasure to the guests she hopes to entertain. A very important part of such social affairs as everybody knows, is settling the momentous question "What shall I serve my guests?" The hostess may feel at a loss to find something not only appropriate, but having the charm of novelty. In her planning she should aim for simplicity and perfection of detail.

Here is a menu which carries out the Christmas color scheme, is easy to prepare and will delight your guests. A small Christmas tree or red flowers with white candles will make an attractive center-piece. Artificial snow sprinkled around the tree will also help. Santa Claus favors can easily be made on toothpicks, using red gum drops, marshmallows and currants.

MENU

Clear Tomato Soup.
Whipped Cream.
Veal Loaf.
French Fried Potatoes.
Cranberry Salad.
Cloverleaf Rolls.
Hot Cherry Punch.
Christmas Pudding.
With Maraschino Sauce.

Clear Tomato Soup

1 quart can tomatoes.
1 cup water.
2 stalks celery.
4 slices carrot.
½ small onion.
1 small green pepper.
3 cloves.
½ teaspoon peppercorns.
Blade of mace.
1 tablespoon lemon juice.
Salt.
Pepper.

Put tomatoes and water in saucepan, add celery cut in pieces, carrot, onion, green pepper (from which the seeds have been removed), cloves, peppercorns, and mace. Bring to boiling point and let simmer for 15 minutes. Strain, and add lemon juice, salt and pepper. Cool and clear. When ready to serve, heat, and to each serving add one teaspoon of whipped cream.

Veal Loaf

Knuckle of veal, sawed in pieces.
1 pound of lean veal.
1 onion.
Salt and pepper.
3 hard cooked eggs.
4 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Cover knuckle and lean meat with boiling water. Add onion and cook slowly until meat is tender. Drain, chop meat fine, and season highly with salt and pepper. Garnish bottom of mold with egg slices and parsley. Put in layer of meat, layer of egg slices, sprinkle with parsley and cover with remaining meat. Pour over the liquor, which should be reduced to 1 cupful. Press, chill, and garnish with parsley. Remove from pan and cut in thin slices for serving.

French Fried Potatoes

Wash and pare potatoes, cut in eighths lengthwise. Soak one hour in cold water to cover. Drain. Dry between towels. Fry a few at a time in hot deep fat (370 degrees) until delicately browned and drain on brown paper. Heat fat to higher temperature (390 degrees) and return all the potatoes to fat, using frying basket, and fry until crisp and brown, keeping the basket in motion. Again drain on brown paper and sprinkle with salt. Serve hot.

Cranberry Jelly Salad

2 cups cranberries.
1 cup boiling water.
1 cup sugar.
1¼ tablespoons granulated gelatine soaked in ¼c. cold water.
½ cup finely cut apples or celery.
¼ cup chopped nut meats.
Mayonnaise dressing.
Lettuce.

Cook the cranberries and water for 20 minutes. Force through strainer. Add soaked gelatine, stir until gelatine is dissolved, and add sugar. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in apples or celery and nut meat. Mold and chill. Slice and serve on lettuce leaf with mayonnaise dressing.

Mayonnaise Dressing

½ teaspoon mustard.
½ teaspoon sugar.
½ teaspoon salt.
Few grains cayenne.
1 egg yolk.
1 tablespoon vinegar.
¾ cup salad oil.
1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Sift first 4 ingredients into a bowl, and add egg yolk, mix thoroughly, and add vinegar, while stirring constantly. Add 3 teaspoons oil, a few drops at a time, while beating constantly; then 1 tablespoon at a time until mixture thickens. When very thick add lemon juice and remainder of oil rapidly.

Mayonnaise should be stiff enough to hold its shape. It soon liquifies when added to meats or vegetables; therefore it should be added just before serving time.

The whole egg may be used in making mayonnaise dressing. The oil is increased to 1½ cups and the mustard decreased to ¼ teaspoon. The other above ingredients are the same.

Cloverleaf Rolls

Follow the Standard Roll recipe given in November magazine. Shape dough in tiny balls, brush edges with melted butter, place 3 in each section of greased muffin tins. Let rise until double in bulk, then bake.

Hot Cherry Punch

1 quart water.
2 cups sugar.
½ cup lemon juice.
1 cup orange juice.
3 to 4 cups cherry juice.

Boil water and sugar together for

10 minutes. Add fruit juices, strain. Dilute with water. Serve hot.

Christmas Pudding

3 cups dry bread crumbs.
1 to 2 cups water or milk.
3 eggs, well beaten.
½ cup chopped raisins.
½-1 pkg. figs, cut into strips.
½-1 pkg. dates, cut into strips.
3 teaspoons nutmeg.
½ teaspoon allspice.
½ teaspoon salt.
1 teaspoon cinnamon.
½ cup chopped nuts.
⅔ cup sugar.

Soak bread crumbs in liquid, the amount varies with the dryness of the crumbs. The mixture should be of soft dough consistency. Sift the dry ingredients together and mix with the fruits and nuts. Mix the eggs with the soaked crumbs and add dry ingredients. Steam in oiled molds for 3 hours. Serve with Maraschino Sauce.

Maraschino Sauce

⅔ cup boiling water.
⅓ cup sugar.
2 tablespoons cornstarch.
¼ cup Maraschino cherries cut in halves.
½ cup Maraschino syrup.
½ tablespoon butter.

Mix sugar and cornstarch, add gradually to boiling water, stirring constantly. Boil 5 minutes, and add cherries, syrup, and butter.

A Christmas Lullaby

By Ada Hurst Brown

Our wintry world is white and still,
For snow has covered town and hill;
Now, Hark! the Slumber King creeps nigh,
To hear my crooning lullaby.

Hush, my baby, close your eyes,
Christmas candles light the skies,
Stars of winter winking through
Where the clouds have left the blue.

Years ago the Christchild slept,
While His mother vigil kept,
Now He watches o'er His sheep,
And blesses lambkins while they sleep.

The Stranger Within the Gates

By Laura M. Jenkins

EMMA AMES sat wrapping packages in brightly colored papers, red and green, which she carefully tied with gayly decorated ribbon.

"There's mother's," she said quietly to herself, for there was no one else in the room, and there's father's—and there's Hazel's—and Wallace's—and these mittens—the pink ones for Margie and the red ones for Bobby," a sigh escaped her thin lips, "always making presents to some one else's children," she thought, "how would it seem to make Christmas presents to a child of your very own?"

The opening of the kitchen door and the noise of heavy buckets being set on the kitchen floor roused her from her revery.

"There's John with the milk, I'd better go and take care of it at once and finish these Christmas packages afterwards."

She hurried into the kitchen where her husband stood in the doorway sweeping the snow from his boots.

"Snowing pretty hard outside?" she inquired.

"Sure enough is, I'll tell the world," he replied, "going to be a white Christmas this year."

A gust of wind sent a whirl of snow flakes over the kitchen floor and the door shut with a bang. John Ames hung up his coat and hat and seated himself by the kitchen fire.

"There's the evening paper to look over while your thawing out a bit. It's going to be a cold night, I'm thinking," Mrs. Ames picked up a bucket of milk and poured it into a tall milk can then another bucket followed. She tied a clean white cloth over the top of the can and set it in the pantry and closed the door. Then with a brisk step she proceeded to clear up the table and wash the supper dishes. When the kitchen was tidied up and she was ready to return to her Christmas packages the hands of the clock on the shelf above the table pointed to eight.

John and Emma Ames were thrifty, hard working middle-aged people. They owned the small farm on which their cottage stood, a few cows and horses, some turkeys and chickens, and a small truck with which they hauled their produce to market eight miles away. They were fairly well to do and comfortably fixed, but the love of a little child had never entered into their hearts to gladden or sadden them, and the merry voices of children had never echoed through the quiet rooms of their little home. It had been a busy day, they had dressed a dozen turkeys which John Ames would truck to the Christmas market early in the morning, for tomorrow was Christmas eve.

The evening's work finished Mrs. Ames seated herself in her easy chair to rest a few moments before resuming her work with the Christmas parcels. The kitchen door opened and shut and she knew her husband had gone out to look once more to the com-

fort of the animals at the barnyard before retiring for the night.

Suddenly, without warning, the front door opened, footsteps sounded in the hallway, and a youngster, not much more than a baby, walked into the room. A pair of striped overalls covered his short legs, a faded red sweater was buttoned around his little body, and a red woolen cap drawn down over his ears completed the costume of the small intruder. From under the cap a pair of blue eyes stared wonderingly around the room, then turned their startled gaze to her.

Emma Ames sat staring at the little stranger expecting someone to follow him but when they did not do so, she rose hastily and went to the front door and looked out. There was no one in sight, but she thought she heard a passing automobile. In the new fallen snow on the porch, were footprints which led to the front gate.

She returned to the room; there stood the boy just as she had left him, still looking around with his big wondering eyes.

John came rushing in asking excitedly.

"Who drove away in that car just now?" As he caught sight of the boy he questioned, "Who is he? Where did he come from?"

"I really don't' know. I was sitting in that rocker by the fire, when the front door opened and he walked in. When no one followed him, I hurried to the front door and looked out, but there was no one to be seen," Emma answered.

John rushed to the door and looked outside, there was nothing to be seen, but the prints of a man's boots in the new fallen snow. A small bundle just inside the door caught his eye, he picked it up and opened it. It contained a pair of tiny worn overalls, two little faded print dresses, a pair of dingy white stockings and a note which read:

"A Christmas present from the boy's daddy. Care for him and he will make you happy. He's a dear little fellow. It breaks my heart to part with him, but I cannot give him the care he needs. I lost my job, then my wife took sick and died. I was taking our boy home to my mother, but I got word today that she is dead too. The baby is under-fed, and its too cold for him traveling over the country at this time of the year, he needs a mother and a home and I can give him neither. I cannot see him die, too. As you deal with him, so will the Father in Heaven deal with you. When this depression is over and times are better again, perhaps I can do something for him myself. He will be three years old Christmas day. His mother called him Keith."

Tears rolled down the cheeks of both John Ames and his wife. She picked up the baby and took off his cap and jacket and sat down with him beside the fire. "Daddy, daddy," he called, "I want my daddy."

John wiped the tears from his eyes and bent over the boy to give what comfort he could.

"Sit down here and hold him," said his wife, "and I'll warm him some milk and get him some bread; I expect he's hungry."

Next morning the turkeys went to town in the truck, and John Ames and his wife and little Keith went also. When they returned the boy was wearing a new warm sweater suit of dark blue trimmed in red and a woolen cap to match; new stockings and shoes and tiny red mitten on his little hands. The big bundles they carried into the house led one to believe, Santa Claus would be quite certain to visit the Ames home.

When the table was set for supper and they knelt for the family prayer, among other things John Ames said:

"Father, we thank Thee for the little stranger Thou hast led within our gates. Help us to rear him in the ways of truth and righteousness. Remember, we ask of Thee, the absent father where ever he may be tonight, we ask Thee to provide for him the comforts of life; cheer his wounded spirit and bleeding heart, and give to him the prosperity and success with which Thou didst remember thy servant Job, after his trial and his adversity."

A Christmas Dinner in France Sixty Years Ago

The following letter was written by President George A. Smith, grandfather of Apostle George Albert Smith, to one of his daughters, who was then a young girl. The writer of the letter was then on his way to Palestine in company with Apostle Lorenzo Snow, Eliza R. Snow, Feramorz Little and others:

"Nice, Dec. 25, 1872.

"My Dear Daughter:

"We left Marseilles yesterday morning and came by railroad over a hilly country along the shores of the Mediterranean, passing through many deep cuts in the rocks, and numerous tunnels, arriving at Nice, which you will see on the map is near the south-east corner of France.

"In the evening the bells began to ring, the boys fired their crackers, and occasionally we saw a Christmas tree being carried along the streets. The little fellows here are fond of Christmas gifts as well as in our own country.

"Elder Snow, Eliza R., F. Little, Clara and myself took a ride in an open carriage to see the town and vicinity. Its site is very rocky and uneven. Everything is green—flowers of numerous tints in bloom. Orange groves, loaded with fruit, and olive trees, also loaded, form a beautiful contrast with the thoughts of winter in Salt Lake City. A great many wealthy people come here to spend the winter on account of its romantic situation and its temperate climate. Many beautiful hotels and villas have been built for their accommodation. We are at the Grand Hotel. Our rooms are on what we call the fourth and what they call the third story. We go down four double flights of stairs and up two for our meals. About two hundred sit down to *table d'hote* at six o'clock p. m. The first dish was soup, which Aunt Eliza pronounced good (change of plates); second dish, a nice little meat pie about the size of a common-sized peach (change of plates); third dish, a little fish and a little potato, and a little melted butter dip (change of plates); fourth dish a little baked beef with a little green peas mixed with several other compounds (plates changed); fifth dish, a little chicken, hardly done, with sheep's heart (change of plates); sixth dish, nameless and uneatable (plates changed); seventh dish, meat jelly and meat hashed (plates changed); eighth dish, a little chicken bitter seasoned, accompanied with lettuce and celery mixed with vinegar and olive oil (plates changed); ninth dish, plum pudding very small and good for Christmas (plates changed); tenth dish, ice cream and a small cake (plates changed); eleventh dish, a small cake and roasted horse-chestnuts (plates changed); twelfth dish, oranges, pears and several kinds of nuts.

"It took one hour and a half for this performance, for we had to wait longer between the different courses than it took us to eat the portions served up to us. Probably about one hundred bottles of table wine were drunk during the meal. The drinking water is placed on the table in bottles. It is clear, but warm and insipid. I forgot to state that to each person was appropriated a small crusty loaf of bread, not so large as my fist; the seasoning of the food is generally unpalatable to me, which caused me to try the sour wine which also was not pleasant to the taste. This is Christmas abroad—I hope you had a better one at home, although ours was amusing to us, seated as we were in the midst of the 'tip-top' fashionables.

"We leave tomorrow morning for Genoa, Italy. * * *

"From your affectionate father,

"George A. Smith."

Notes to the Field

PRIESTHOOD Interest in Relief Society Work, as manifested by the excellent attendance of bishops and other Priesthood officers at Relief Society conventions, is a source of delight and encouragement to our workers everywhere. The broad and clear understanding of the Relief Society social welfare work, which the brethren have, is one of the best assurances of its success and effectiveness. Whoever understands Relief Society work is an enthusiastic booster for it.

Work and Business Meeting Socials, in times of stress and anxiety, when the spirits of the sisters are depressed, preserve one of the most wholesome and healthful traditions of Mormon pioneer life. Amid all the cares of the Exodus, and of the Settlement of the West, our wise and valiant leaders led the Saints in wholesome social activities, and thereby afforded them release from the strain which care and hardship brought. From it the weary Saints took new strength and courage. Today Relief Society socials start up hope and vigor anew, and help our sisters to meet life with a smile.

The Missionary Fund is a Priesthood responsibility, and the raising, administering and disbursing of it a Priesthood, not a Relief Society activity. However, to mothers it is a most attractive and appealing cause, for which they sacrifice, and to which they contribute freely.

Demonstrators of food values and conservation, home management and remodeling from the Extension Divisions of the various colleges are available to many Relief Societies on work and business meeting days. As often as such features can be included in the program of these meetings, without interfering with major Relief Society projects, they should be used.

Lessons: We hear some complaint about the lessons being difficult and too long. It is the duty of the class leader to take what she considers are the most important parts of the lesson and emphasize them rather than trying to give more than the time will allow.

Often people cast aside material after a cursory reading when if they would reread the material again and again it would become clear and would arrange itself in their minds. They would then have the joy that comes from mastering difficulties, overcoming obstacles and the thrill that comes with mental growth.

Notes from the Field

Taylor Stake (Magrath 2nd Ward). SISTER INEZ R. BENNETT of Magrath 2nd Ward, writes as follows: "A novel contest was sponsored by our literary class leader, Sister Afton H. Anderson. Six members of Relief Society submitted stories which were judged by competent critics prior to regular meeting day, and helpful points to the budding authors were set down, and read at the close of the reading of each story before the class in the June meeting. Members were unaware of the authors' identity until after they had selected the prize winning story, judging them all on a basis of criticism formulated ac-

cording to accepted standards of a good short story, and in accordance with the lessons taught during the past two years in the literary section. Sixty-three ladies were present—the largest attendance for weeks, and each eagerly anticipated hearing these original stories. Stories were read by various members, not the authors, then the previously arranged criticisms given, and finally judged by the class as above. The following stories were submitted, and appear with the author, classification and reader. 'The Masterpiece,' by Afton H. Anderson, deeper type story, read by herself. and 'Everybody's Mother,' by Inez R. Bennett, character sketch, read by Mrs. Ireta Matkin.

"It is interesting to note that writers of these stories did not consult as to theme, yet each was different. Sister Anderson was overjoyed with the response. She had made a beautiful table bouquet to be presented to the winner, and when her story was declared first, she refused to take the bouquet home again, but graciously presented it to the winner of second place, Mrs. Joyce Harker. It proved a highly popular idea with the audience, who listened attentively to each story. Stories were limited to 2,000 words, but most of them were much below that number. Stake officers, as well as local, were highly gratified.

This story was so well written that it was given first place by the class. Second place was won by President Joyce R. Harker, with her humorous story 'Out of the Funnies,' which was read by Mrs. Flora Norton, stake literary class leader. Others were 'The Greater Day,' by Mrs. Maude Fossey, religious, read by Mrs. Myrtle N. Passey: 'The Turn in the Lane,' by Mrs. Lucy Stevens, moral, read by Mrs. Elsie Henginger; 'The Northern Storm of 1892,' by Mrs. Ellen Matkin, love story, read by Mrs. Lucy Stevens;

Wayne Stake.

THE following report is received from Wayne stake: "The annual Relief Society convention of the Wayne stake was held in Bicknell, on July 12, 1932, with President Mary A. Brinkerhoff presiding. The opening song was 'The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning.' Talks on 'Our 90th Birthday,' and 'Lesson Preparation,' were given by Berta Oldroyd and Edith Taft, members of the stake board. A very interesting discourse on the Beatitudes was given by Elder Worthen Jackson. William F. Webster, George W. Okerlund and George T. Eckersley, members of the Stake Presidency, were present and made some encouraging and inspirational remarks. William Blackburn and Robert A. Taylor, the members of the High Council, whose special department is the Relief Society, added to the pleasure of the meeting. Sister Virtue Leah Blackburn, who is 88 years of age, told of her early pioneering experiences, and bore a faithful testimony of the gospel. Each ward of the stake furnished excellent musical numbers, which were interspersed between the discourses during the day. At the noon hour, luncheon was served to 287 people. All members of the stake presidency, 9 High Councilors, 4 Bishops, 2 Bishops' Counselors, 30 other members of the Priesthood, 7 Relief Society presidents, 12 Relief Society ward counselors, 6 secretaries, and a total of 287 officers and members were in attendance. The convention was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, and was a complete success in every respect."

Sevier Stake.

THE following is an extract from *The Richfield Reaper*: "Surpassing any art exhibit ever held at a county fair in Richfield, the art exhibit sponsored by the Sevier stake Relief Society, as a feature of their annual day observed here Tuesday, far exceeded the expectations of those in charge of arrangements, and attracted unstinted praise from visitors. The exhibit was open to the public both Tuesday and Wednesday.

"The stake board and every ward of the stake had an individual room in the basement of the tabernacle in which to display their articles, and every room was fairly lined with the beautiful handwork. The exhibit displayed a variety and originality of design in pillows, rugs, doilies, runners and table coverings of various types, a gay array of artistic and cleverly designed patchwork quilts, many novelty decorative articles—in fact all sorts of work for every room in the home. Remodeled clothing was also an interesting feature of the display, and no one could overlook the antique articles or the articles displaying surprising talent in painting, carving and taxidermy work done by local people. It was pleasing to notice the great variety of fine work done by elderly ladies of the stake.

"Each ward had a beautiful display of flowers, demonstrating the possibilities for home beautification by flowers in this locality.

"Tuesday afternoon a pleasing program was presented at the tabernacle, with Mrs. Estella Poulson, president of the stake Relief Society, presiding, and Mrs. Lou Peterson in charge of music.

"As awards beautiful scarfs were presented to the following: Oldest members of organization present, Mrs. Julia Avery of Glenwood, 87; Mrs. Mary Frail of Sigurd, 86; an award was sent to a member of the Koosharem organization, 89, who was unable to attend. Members who have belonged to the Society the longest, Mrs. Mary Oldroyd of Glenwood, 67 years in the organization; Mrs. Hannah K. Peterson of the Fourth Ward, each having belonged 58 years.

"Each of the following, mothers who have had the largest families, were presented a large vase filled with flowers: Mrs. Josephine Torgenson of Koosharem, mother of fifteen children, 12 of whom are living, one son having been killed in the World War; Mrs. Christene Jensen of the First Ward, mother of fifteen children, nine of whom are living; Mrs. Agatha S. Anderson of the First Ward, mother of 15 children, 5 of whom are living; Mrs. Mary Sandall, mother of 14 children all of whom are living. Gifts were sent to eight mothers not in attendance, each of whom had had 14 children.

"Two beautiful reproductions of paintings, one, 'Christ in the Temple,' and another of Christ as a child, were presented to the wards having the best records for ward teaching. One was received by the First Ward, with a record of 100 per cent for 8 years and 8 months, and the other by the Fourth Ward of Richfield with a record of 100 per cent every month since its organization about three years ago. The Glenwood ward received honorable mention for a very fine record. An embroidered linen handkerchief was sent to all members of the organization who are over 80 years of age."

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

THE GENERAL BOARD

MRS. LOUISE YATES ROBISON - - - - - - - - - - President
MRS. AMY BROWN LYMAN - - - - - - - - - - First Counselor
MRS. JULIA ALLEMAN CHILD - - - - - - - - - - Second Counselor
MRS. JULIA A. F. LUND - - - - - - - - General Secretary and Treasurer

Mrs. Lizzie Thomas Edward, Music Director

Mrs. Emma A. Empey
Miss Sarah M. McLelland
Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon
Mrs. Jennie B. Knight
Mrs. Lalene H. Hart
Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter
Mrs. Cora L. Bennion
Mrs. Amy Whipple Evans
Mrs. Ethel Reynolds Smith
Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine
Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford
Mrs. Elise B. Alder
Mrs. Inez K. Allen
Mrs. Ida P. Beal
Mrs. Katie M. Barker
Mrs. Marcia K. Howells
Mrs. Hazel H. Greenwood
Mrs. Emeline Y. Nebeker
Mrs. Mary Connelly Kimball

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - -

fifty persons. While laboring in England on his third mission he was chosen as one of the First Seven Presidents of Seventies. Whether in the mission field or at home he was always glad to explain the Gospel and bear his testimony regarding its divinity. Few men have such a record. In his evangelical work he was pleased and happy in that he was doing the work he preferred doing above all else.

Elder David O. McKay paid this beautiful tribute to him at his funeral:

"His life was exemplified by the five salient marks of greatness: He chose the right; he resisted temptation; he bore his burdens cheerfully; he was calm in the storm, and he relied on the truth, on virtue and on God unalterably. And what more could one ask of a man in the service of the Lord, he offered his life for his friends." With full assurance he wrote shortly before his death, "I am going home to my God." Surely he would receive the welcome, "Well done, my good and faithful servant. Enter into the rest of thy Lord."

May his family be comforted. May his children emulate his integrity and devotion to the truth.

Radio Programs

THE Relief Society deeply appreciates the kindness of the Presidency of the Church in giving them the privilege of using the Church Radio Period for four Sunday evening programs. This gave an opportunity to tell of the history, progress, and aims of the organization. "The Singing Mothers" under the able leadership of Charlotte Owen Sackett practiced zealously for months, and the artistry of their singing has received much merited praise.

The General Board thanks those who have written letters of appreciation from many States and from Hawaii and Canada. It is a great satisfaction to know that the Broadcast gave pleasure.

Dr. Romania B. Penrose

THE long and useful earth life of Dr. Romania Bunnel Pratt Penrose came to its close Wednesday, November 9, 1932. She was one of the West's pioneer professional women. Her medical services, her hospital work, her training classes are evidence of her well disciplined mind and her skill in her chosen profession. She proved that a woman can be a good home maker, wife and mother and at the same time do public work of the finest character.

Cultured, keen minded, eager to know and to do; refined, gentle, spiritual she did everything with a grace that won the love of those with whom she mingled. Her Relief Society work at home and abroad covering a period of over thirty years as member of the General Board and as assistant Secretary merits unstinted praise.

For years before her death she gave an example of patient fortitude. Blind and confined to her bed yet was she ever cheerful and eager to keep up with world progress. Through radio, through having books, magazines and papers read to her, through questioning those who visited her she lived a rich life.

Blessed be her memory. May those who follow in her footsteps emulate her many virtues.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in February)

Doctrine and Covenants

Authority to Act in the Name of God

LESSON V

1. "We believe that man must be called of God, by prophecy, and by the laying on of hands, by those who are in authority, to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof." This declaration of faith sets forth in plain and unmistakable terms the attitude of the Church with respect to the rights which man must possess if he would act authoritatively in the name of God. According to the beliefs of the Latter-day Saints this authority, although vested in certain members of the early Christian Church, was not present on the earth at the time of the restoration of the Gospel to Joseph Smith and his associates. It had been lost along with many of the principles and ordinances of the Gospel in the early Christian centuries. For this reason it became necessary to bring the Priesthood back to the earth, that again man might have authority to act in the name of God.

2. *Meaning of the Term Priesthood.* The term "Priesthood" as used by the Latter-day Saints has a dual meaning; it applies both to the authority or commission to act in the name of the Lord and to the individuals who possess this authority. The powers and functions of the Priesthood have nothing in common with those of the sectarian priest who is regarded by his parishioners as the medium through which worship, prayer, and other religious services are offered to the Lord. Indeed, such a conception is the very antithesis of the purpose of the Priesthood held by the Latter-day Saints, which not only authorizes the laymen and all others who hold it to go directly to the Lord but actually to function in his stead; whereas, the sectarian priesthood often serves as a kind of barrier between the laymen and God.

3. The Priesthood held by the Latter-day Saints is more than a functional matter, authorizing its holder to officiate in the name of Deity; it is a power or influence that gives weight and efficacy to the thing done. In other words, a man possessing the Priesthood not only has the right to act in the name of the Lord, but the thing that he does is binding and effective. In still other words, the Priesthood is a special delegation from the Father, enabling those who are faithful to function in His stead, and thus to accomplish various things which would be impossible without the possession of this authorization.

4. President Young has made a very illuminating statement with respect to the nature of the Priesthood. Here it is: "If anybody wants to know what the Priesthood of the Son of God is, it is the law by which the worlds are, were, and will continue for ever and ever. It is that system which brings worlds into existence and peoples them, gives them their revolutions—their days, weeks, months, years, their seasons and times and by which they are rolled

up as a scroll, as it were, and go into a higher state of existence." In a word, then, the Priesthood is the very power of God. Let us now give attention to the restoration of the Priesthood in latter days.

5. *Priesthood Absent from the Earth.* At the time of Joseph Smith's first vision the Lord spoke in no uncertain terms of the churches concerning which Joseph had inquired. After stating that their creeds were an abomination in his sight and that their professors were all corrupt, he continued, "They draw near me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me; they teach for doctrines the commandments of men, having a form of godliness, but they deny the power thereof." (*History of the Church,* Vol. I, p. 6) This scathing denouncement was doubtless intended primarily for those who had exhibited such marked hypocrisy in the religious revival through which Joseph had just passed, rather than for the sectarian world generally as some may have thought. It was later made very clear however that the Priesthood was not upon the earth and therefore that no one was empowered to act in the name of God.

6. *Bestowal of the Aaronic Priesthood.* As early as September 21, 1823, the Lord promised that the Priesthood should be restored. (D. and C. 2:1) On the 15th day of May, 1829, when Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery were fervently importuning the Lord for information concerning baptism, reference to which had been found on the plates that they were translating, a messenger from heaven descended in a cloud of light, and having laid his hands upon them said: "Upon you, my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the Gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken again from the earth, until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness." (D. and C., Section 13)

7. The messenger said that his name was John, the same that is called John the Baptist in the New Testament, and that he was acting under the direction of Peter, James, and John, who in due course of time would confer upon Joseph and Oliver the Priesthood of Melchizedek. Having explained that the Aaronic Priesthood does not have the power of laying on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, he instructed that Joseph should baptize Oliver and afterwards that Oliver should baptize Joseph. After this was done Joseph ordained Oliver to the Aaronic Priesthood; then Oliver in turn ordained Joseph, also in compliance with command. The spirit of prophecy was enjoyed by Joseph and Oliver, both of whom predicted many things that should shortly come to pass. (*History of the Church,* Vol. I, pp. 39-42) Joseph explains that with their minds thus enlightened they were able to understand the meaning and intention of the scriptures much more clearly than before.

8. *Restoration of the Melchizedek Priesthood.* Although the Melchizedek Priesthood is known to have been conferred upon Joseph and Oliver by Peter, James, and John only a short time after John the Baptist's visitation, yet no specific account of the event is given in the Prophet's history or in any other of the Church annals. The Prophet himself however makes allusion to it in the course of an ecstatic review of the great things which the Lord had revealed to him, in the following language: "The voice of Peter, James, and John in the wilderness

between Harmony, Susquehanna county, and Colesville, Broome county, on the Susquehanna river, declaring themselves as possessing the keys of the kingdom, and of the dispensation of the fulness of times." (D. and C. 128:20)

9. In a revelation dated August, 1830, the Lord himself makes direct reference to the restoration of the higher Priesthood through the instrumentality of Peter, James, and John. He is speaking of the sacrament and promises to drink of "the fruit of the vine" with Joseph Smith upon the earth, "also with Peter and James and John, whom I have sent unto you, by whom I have ordained you and confirmed you to be apostles, and especial witnesses of my name, and bear the keys of your ministry, and of the same things which I revealed unto you; unto whom I have committed the keys of my kingdom, and a dispensation of the gospel for the last times; and for the fulness of times, in the which I will gather together in one all things, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth." (D. and C. 27:12, 13) From the statement of Joseph and this one of the Lord it is apparent that the restoration occurred on the Susquehanna river some time between May 15, 1829 and August, 1830.

10. Another revelation dated April, 1830, contains a statement referring to Joseph's ordination, as follows: "which commandments were given to Joseph Smith, Jun., who was called of God, and ordained an apostle of Jesus Christ, to be the first elder of this Church." (D. and C. 20:2) it is of course evident from this statement that Joseph Smith had received the higher Priesthood prior to this time.

11. In still another revelation, dated June, 1829, in which the calling of the Twelve Apostles is made known, the following statement is addressed to Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer: "I speak unto you, even as Paul mine apostle, for you are called even with that same calling with which he was called." (D. and C. 18:9) Since this statement would scarcely be made unless these men had already been ordained to the higher or Melchizedek Priesthood, it is evident that the restoration promised by John the Baptist occurred some time between the fifteenth of May and the close of June, 1829.

12. *Power of the Priesthood.* Thus at this early date in the history of the Church the Lord had restored full authority to man to act in his name. The lack of limitations to the authority of the Priesthood is well expressed in the following words: "Whatsoever you bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever you loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." (D. and C. 128:8) Speaking to Joseph Smith the Lord also said: "Whatsoever you seal on earth shall be sealed in heaven; and whatsoever you bind on earth, in my name and by my word, saith the Lord, it shall be eternally bound in the heavens; and whosesoever sins you remit on earth shall be remitted eternally in the heavens; and whosesoever sins you retain on earth shall be retained in heaven." (D. and C. 132:46)

13. *Responsibility of the Priesthood.* The authority of the Priesthood is not without its grave responsibilities. Its proper exercise is invariably associated with acts of righteousness and never with sin and disobedience. It encourages men to do good and shun evil. It governs by kindness and never by force. Apropos to this, the Lord has said "That the rights of the Priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and that the powers of heaven cannot be controlled

nor handled only upon the principles of righteousness. That they may be conferred upon us, it is true; but when we undertake to cover our sins, or to gratify our pride, our vain ambition, or to exercise control or dominion or compulsion upon the souls of the children of men, in any degree of unrighteousness, behold, the heavens withdraw themselves; the Spirit of the Lord is grieved; and when it is withdrawn, Amen to the Priesthood or authority of that man." (D. and C. 121:36-37)

14. *The Gift of Prophecy.* The Priesthood not only provides its holder with authority to accomplish the purposes of the Lord as above indicated but to do many other things that would be impossible without it. Consider, for example, the prophecy of Joseph Smith with respect to the American Civil War, (D. and C. 87:1-8) in which he foretold not only its coming and the precise locality at which it would begin, but also the parties involved and the identical nation upon which one of the participants would call for help. These and many other details were foretold with a prescience absolutely unnatural to human beings.

15. *Necessity of Using the Priesthood.* This brings us directly to the consideration that not every man who holds the Priesthood really profits by its possession. The Priesthood, like any other gift from God, can be developed only by faithful and persistent use. One of the strangest aspects of living things is that intelligent use increases efficiency, whereas disuse results in atrophy and decay. The fact that a man's mind, for example, develops by use constitutes one of the basic mysteries of life, and yet no one questions its reality. Moreover, there is little room for doubt that man's eventual salvation will be brought about by the development of his talents through exercise. The possession of the Priesthood without using it is no more profitable than the ownership of, say, a good automobile locked in the garage, indeed, far less, for God will not hold an individual blameless who thus disregards his privilege.

16. *Widespread Participation.* The Priesthood is intended for every son of God who is prepared to receive it. Accordingly, in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints the Priesthood is widely held by the male laity, as well as by those in official positions. The equality of this practice is immediately apparent, especially in comparison with the practice of sectarian churches in which the presiding and other functional offices are reserved for a chosen few. The superiority of the Latter-day Saint practice is further apparent when it is borne in mind that personal participation is the only satisfactory means by which permanent progress is possible. Still another advantage is at once apparent. Consider the efficiency of our Church councils composed, as they usually are, of men from a wide variety of trades and professions. Surely the conclusions of such men are likely to be far better adapted to the needs of the masses than the conclusions of councils composed exclusively of clergymen.

17. And this is not all. Every male member in the Church is given some specific duty to perform, especially adapted to his capacity. With a working Priesthood of this nature, far greater efficiency is assured than in churches where the clergy alone are active. Moreover, the Priesthood of the Church possesses the actual authority to act in the name of God, and therefore its works are recognized of him.

Questions for Discussion and Review

Discuss the meaning of the term Priesthood.

Give the details of the bestowal of the Aaronic Priesthood.

Prove that the Melchizedek Priesthood was received soon after the bestowal of the Aaronic Priesthood.

Explain the almost unlimited powers of the Priesthood.

Why is activity necessary in connection with the Priesthood?

Why is it desirable that the Priesthood should be widely held by Church members?

Teachers' Topic

THE BEATITUDES

Aim: To enable us to more fully appreciate the Beatitudes, and apply their beautiful truths to our daily lives.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." (Matt. 5:7)

President Brigham Young says "men should love mercy, because of its benevolence, charity, love, clemency, and all its lovely attributes, and be inspired to deal justly, fairly, honorably, meting out to others their just deservings. When a man designedly does wrong, he ought to be chastised for the wrong, receiving according to his works. If a man does wrong through ignorance, and manifests sorrow for the wrong, he is the one whom we should forgive seventy times a day, if necessary, and not the one who has designedly done wrong and repents not." (Discourses of Brigham Young.) The Parable of the Unmerciful Servant (Matt. 18:23-35) shows us that mercy is for the merciful. "As a heavenly jewel it is to be received with thankfulness and used with sanctity, not to be cast into the mire of undeservedness." (Dr. Talmage's "Jesus the Christ.")

We are told that our salvation is made dependent upon our showing mercy to every creature that can feel. Every act of cruel amusement or cruel punishment, as well as every wanton act of cruelty, is strictly forbidden. It should be remembered that cruel speeches no less than cruel acts are forbidden by the commandments. Words can lacerate more deeply than stripes. Many incidents of experiences with Indians in Pioneer days illustrate the statement "that the merciful man shall find mercy."

The Lord is always merciful and kind. If we draw near unto Him, He will draw near unto us. "Seek me diligently and ye shall find me; ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto us." (Doctrine and Covenants 88:63.) Our chief trouble is we do not seek diligently. Our seeking is superficial, we seem to think the Lord is bound to hear us without our putting forth much effort. Let diligence and love be our guides, and we shall find the path to eternal life."

The Prophet Joseph Smith says, "Ever keep in exercise the principle of mercy, and be ready to forgive our brother on the first intimations of repentance and asking forgiveness, and should we even forgive our brother, or even our enemy before they repent or ask

forgiveness, our Heavenly Father would be equally as merciful unto us."

The habit of charitable judgment of others is a source of personal blessedness. It blooms out into hopefulness, peace and faith. To forgive an injury is a blessing to the forgiver himself. The quality of mercy blesses him that gives as well as him that takes. Among the happiest of people are those whose grudges and enmities have been overcome by their own broader view of life. "It is as though in the midst of winter the warmer sun were already softening the frost. They are happy, not because others are kinder to them, but because that softer soil permits their own better life to germinate and grow. The merciful has obtained mercy; the blesser has received the blessing." (Mornings in the College Chapel —Francis Greenwood Peabody— Chapter XXVI.)

Literature

THE DELIGHT OF GREAT BOOKS

THE ORDEALS OF RICHARD FEVEREL. MEREDITH

THE HISTORY OF A FATHER AND A SON

(Third Week in February)

"All that we hope to do for our children is to teach them to run their lives, not to teach them to allow us to run their lives for them."—Dorothy Canfield.

"The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" by George Meredith, one of England's greater novelists, is a masterpiece. Meredith's chief claim to greatness lies in the fact that his works, poetry and novels, demonstrate the theory that the function of art is to portray not the superficial truths of everyday life but the inner and spiritual truths of humanity.

George Meredith—Biography.

Understanding is an obligation we owe to the writer of a great book, as a book when great "is the precious life-blood of a master spirit." Thus every great novel is, in fact, a spiritual autobiography. Because "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" is peculiarly a record of the inner drama of the early life of George Meredith, we must, therefore, understand the man behind the novel.

George Meredith was born at Portsmouth, England, in 1828, the grandson of Melchisedec Meredith, a naval outfitter with social aspirations. Of Welsh extraction, proud of the blood of Gruffudh in his veins, "the Great Mel" was a dandy, a favorite with the ladies, and a spendthrift. The family seemed to suffer because of their uncertain social position, being not quite "gentry" yet they were superior tradespeople. Augustus Meredith, the father of George, resented the fact that the financial conditions of the tailoring business would not permit of his being trained for a doctor. The mother of George Meredith, Jane Macnamara, was of Irish extrac-

tion and a woman of refined tastes.

George Meredith, a handsome precocious child, was left motherless at the age of five years. There never existed any sympathy between father and son. After failing in business, Augustus Meredith left Portsmouth, abandoning his son to the trustee of his mother's small fortune. After some years of general schooling the boy was sent to the Moravian School at Neuweid, Germany. This celebrated school attracted pupils from all parts of Western Europe because of its excellent course in education based upon "fullest liberty of thought and worship." Upon his return to England, George was articled to a London Lawyer.

Law was distasteful to him, and it was early abandoned for an adventure in journalism as a contributor to the "Monthly Observer." Now George Meredith sets himself to train for his desire, to write poetry. Among the literary associates of this period was Thomas Love Peacock, novelist and poet. A literary friendship with Mary Peacock Nicholls, daughter of the novelist, began. She was the widow of a naval officer, a handsome woman of high spirits and temper, and ten years older than Meredith. The couple married after a hasty courtship, and started a lodging existence. Both were devoted to verse, but Meredith drudged at journalism for a livlihood snatching but little time for his poetry. A volume of "Poems" published in 1851 was ignored by the public, but received favorable comment from Tennyson and Stevenson. The adventure in matrimony was a failure, "a prolonged quarrel with literary interludes."

George and Mary Meredith discovered that two highly strung temperaments, each emotional and quick to anger, could not find contentment. The conditions of their married life—debts, lodgings, unappreciated literary efforts—were conducive of tragedy. This ill-considered mating had the inevitable ending, separation. Mrs. Meredith abandoned her husband and five-year-old son, Arthur Gryffydd Meredith. In suffering Meredith, the man, said nothing, but later the spiritual tragedy was recorded in a poem, "Modern Love." Through experience the poet learned the lesson, that it is through the suffering of mal-adjustment that man learns the lessons of Nature; that "Body, Brain, and Soul must be harmonized."

After his wife's flight, Meredith went to London. The education of his son and his writing were his chief interests. Turning his attention to fiction, he lived with his characters and the ideas he made them illustrate by their actions. "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" was produced. "By what magic?" asks the commentator. The answer, "By the magic of genius. By the force of a courageous manhood which did not let disaster drive it mad, nor allow the falsehood of one woman to mar the vision." And so Meredith built up out of his experiences a philosophy of life. The object of life, says Meredith, is education: purification of rebellious intemperate youth, humiliation of self-satisfied dogmatic age. The novel, "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" was the vehicle of this wisdom. The

reception of the book was chiefly unfavorable. The "London Times" recognized its greatness, while the 'Atheneum" and other leading journals pronounced it as disagreeable

Meredith felt keenly the unkind reception given to his novel. He went on with "Evan Harrington," an account of his family history and his own personal struggle with false pride, expressing the wisdom "that the accident which shows to youth its real condition with no softening veil is not a cruel thing but a guide to opportunity." Again criticism was unkind, but Meredith never turned back. For twenty-five years he kept on thinking and writing. "The Egoist," "Diana of the Crossways," "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," "Rhoda Fleming" are the more important novels. Hostile criticism continued, and recognition was long delayed. Old age and recognition came together, and George Meredith was permitted to rule the kingdom of English letters.

In 1864 Meredith married Marie Vulliamy, of Hugenot extraction, a girl of twenty-four and an excellent musician. This companionship lasted twenty years, and was as happy as the first marriage was wretched. This ideal union was founded on love and equality —the gospel of love Meredith preached in his novels. Arthur, the son of the first marriage, had received from his father almost "Feverel-like" attention up to this time. He was a delicate, sensitive boy of eleven when his father married again. Resenting the change in the family affairs, Arthur became estranged from his father. Later the boy was sent to school in Switzerland. After completing his education, Arthur remained away from home. All aid from home was refused even when suffering from serious lung trouble. This tragedy of pride culminated in Arthur's death in 1890.

The last forty years of Meredith's life was spent at Box Hill, Surrey. These years were rich in friendships; among them being W. E. Henley (author of "Invictus"), J. M. Barrie, John Morley, Leslie Stephen, R. B. Haldane, James Sulley. These "Sunday Tramps" often found themselves after tramping the beautiful Surrey country-side at Flint Cottage, Box Hill, especially in later years when George Meredith suffered from paralysis. Meredith was at his best among these friends. A brilliant conversationalist, he delivered to them "his really profound and poetic and humorous thoughts on men and things in a voice of mellowed maturity." The finely molded head often described as Greek with its bright eyes and finely chiseled features lent its charm also. It was with a genial unspoiled spirit, Meredith received the homage of his friends when they came to partake of his wisdom.

On his eightieth birthday in 1908, Meredith received the full homage of the world of letters. He died at his home at Box Hill, May 18, 1909, and was buried by his wife in Dorking Cemetery.

Meredith has been given the distinction "of being one of the few poets and novelists who claim a body of opinion and belief worthy to be called a 'philosophy'." While this philosophy is

to be found in the novels, the best expression is contained in the "Essay on Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit." For Meredith the essence of comedy "is the ability not only to laugh at the foibles of mankind, but first of all to identify yourself with the race before you smile." The generous recognition of our own mistakes will make us alert to the superficialities of life and appreciative of the genuine values.

George Meredith began and ended his literary career as a poet, but it was his novels that made him famous. The poetry of Meredith is growing constantly in popularity. It expresses much the same sensitiveness to the beauties of nature and the problems of life that the novels do. As a novelist, Meredith took upon himself the mission to point out the value of neglected obvious things, rather than to display hidden motives. He is analytical of the individual in his relationships: to institutions, to society, to humanity. In this way Meredith brought to the novel a definite type of growth just as did Scott, Hugo and Dickens. Meredith gave to the novel psychological subtlety. Just as Scott delighted in the physical details of location and adventure; similarly, Meredith delighted in the details of intellectual adventures and spiritual conflicts. The modern novel, then, began with Meredith. He was a great and puzzling literary figure, a genius, author of one of the six best novels in the language, "The Egoist." Alton Brunt Summers has delightfully explained Meredith the novelist as follows; "After all the reader is sailing upon the gaily painted boat of fiction, not upon the sober brig of the essayist, nor upon the tall ship of the philosopher. However, the reader must not be diverted by the wise sayings of the captain from remembering that the Meredith craft is bound for the romantic waters of imagined experience and that it floats the simple flag 'true to Nature from the mast'."

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.—Synopsis.

The story is the history of a father and son. The father was Sir Austin Feverel, Baronet, of Raynham Abbey; the son of the baronet was Richard Feverel. The story opens when the father and son are deserted by the wife and mother.

Sir Austin plans to devote his life to the education of his only son. The scheme of education for Richard was embodied in "The System," an elaborate document embodying all its author's theories for the education of the human race. By this program Richard is to develop into a model English gentleman, intelligent, frank, fearless, generous, and with a true estimate of his value in the world. Richard, left motherless at the age of five, is a likeable chap, much like other boys and devoted to his father.

The household at Raynham Abbey was cluttered with relatives and dependents. Austin Wentworth and Adrian Harley, two nephews of the baronet, and Ripton Thompson, the selected boyhood companion of Richard, have the most important roles in the story. To Adrian, a young intelluctual, is entrusted the formal education of Richard.

Richard and Ripton behave much as ordinary boys. Their first serious adventure is the burning of the grain ricks of a surley farmer. The burning was the definite plan of Richard for revenge. The farmer had administered a severe whipping to the boy for shooting a pheasant on his land. This was the first indication the father had of the individuality of the son. A very carefully planned program of retribution for the grain-rick burning causes Richard to chafe and rebel inwardly through lack of sympathy with "The System", but he never lost confidence in his father.

In Sir Austin's early Journal "The Pilgrim's Scrip" was written: "Between Simple Boyhood and Adolescence—The Blossoming Season—there is one Unselfish Hour, Spiritual Seed-time."

Sir Austin took care that good seed should be planted in Richard, and that the most fruitful seed for a youth, namely, Example, should be of a kind to germinate in him the love of every kind of nobleness. "I am only striving to make my son a Christian," he answered them who persisted in expostulating with "The System."

"First be virtuous," he told his son, "and then serve your country with your heart and soul."

"Seed-time passed smoothly. The son loved his father dearly. Next came, "The Magnetic Age, the Age of Violent Attractions, when to hear mention of love is dangerous, and to see it, a communication of the disease." All the members of the household at Raynham Abbey were given detailed instructions as to their behaviour during this very critical period of Richard's life. Sir Austin, meanwhile was searching for a desirable young lady, one fitted by education, instincts, and blood, to meet the need when Richard attained the age of twenty-five.

Now Nature takes a hand and brings the young Hero's boat drifting down the river "to the Enchanted Isle where Ferdinand meets Miranda." Richard meets Lucy Desborough, orphan daughter of a poor naval officer and niece of the farmer of the grain-rick episode. What a complication for "The System!" Now four forces are at war; Sir Austin's love for his son, the son's love for his father, Richard's love for Lucy, Lucy's love for Richard. The son and father meet. Speaking from his own bitter experience the father argues the foolishness of young love. Lectures, deliberations, and separations only serve to enhance Richard's desire for Lucy.

The love story of Richard and Lucy was beautiful, in fact, it has often been compared with the love of Romeo and Juliet. At last Richard decided to marry Lucy arguing, "If my father loves me he will forgive me for acting against his wishes, and see that it was the only thing to be done." In "The Pilgrim's Scrip" Sir Austin found recorded, "In all cases where two have joined to commit an offense, punish one of the two." The father, the author of "The System" was now on trial. "It was Pride that transformed Sir Austin's system of education into an intolerable ancient regime of parental absolutism." "The System" did not cause the tragedy, neither did love. Pride, the chief enemy of mankind, created the tragedy.

Richard took Lucy to the Isle of Wight and returned to London to await word from his father. Sir Austin was silent. Then followed numerous plans and plottings by Lady Blandish and Adrian Harley to bring about the return of the son. While waiting in London, Richard yielded to the wiles of an enchantress and later followed her to Venice. Meanwhile, Sir Austin emerged from his struggle and decided to meet his son. When he arrived in London it was too late.

Richard, distracted by his own helplessness, wanders from one reckless adventure to another. His education had not taught him the true way to honor. To Austin Wentworth fell the task of pointing the way. He brings Lucy and the baby to Sir Austin. He finds the wandering Richard in Germany and tells him of his son. All are home. In the coming home Richard finds his manhood. There are confessions to make to his loved ones. Then there is a duel to fight. Then the ordeal of Richard will be over.

But not so. The forces of tragedy are not so easily dispelled when Pride has had the helm. Lucy dies, the body and brain crashing through suffering. "There is no greater tragedy on earth than when a mortal man makes himself a god and by that error kills the thing he loves."

"We read first of all for the story and gradually we are stirred to think about the ideas that prompted the story.—Then we come to understand how wise the book is and how noble is the study of human nature which it contains."

Suggestions for Study.

A. Materials
   1. The Delight of Great Books —Erskine.
   2. The Ordeal of Richard Feverel—Meredith.
   3. The Man Behind the Book —Van Dyke.
   4. Modern English Books of Power—Fitch.
   5. Mothers and Children—Canfield.

B. Projects.
   1. Selections from Meredith's Poem.
   2. Biographical Sketch of Meredith.
   3. Comment upon the statement by Erskine, "No parent and his child can share the same approach to life."
   4. Music, "Invictus" by W. E. Henley.

C. Method—Class Leader.
   1. Read the novel for the story.
   2. Read Erskine's discussion carefully.
   3. Re-read any part not clear after reading the interpretation.
   4. For the class activity tell the story simply.
   5. Make the best use of supplementary material available.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in February)

MEASURING MENTAL ABILITY

LESSON V

This topic calls for the achievement of a series of aims:

1. Understanding the recent scientific methods of measuring intelligence.

2. Developing skill in interpreting the facts indicated by such measurements.

3. Removing prejudice against mental tests as a device in child care.

4. Thinking of constructive uses of these tests in controlling the behavior of children.

Suggestions for Procedure.

The use of an expert lecturer in the class will help achieve aims 1 and 2. Aims 3 and 4 can be achieved only if the class members really study the problem for themselves. The following procedure is suggested:

1. From the supplementary material given below give the class a preview on the history, purpose, use, and value of the tests. If possible get samples of various tests to show the class.

2. Have the class read carefully the material assigned in the Reading Guide.

3. Have class members answer each of the questions given in the reading guide. Supplementary material can be given by the class leader. The teacher can specifically refer to the cautions given on page 62 of "White House Conference, 1930."

4. By class study of the supplementary material given on the present uses of mental tests reach a conclusion regarding their value and the attitude that parents should take toward them.

5. Make special assignments for topical reports on the use of mental tests in locating children with special abilities or handicaps and in planning educational programs for such children. The material for this is found in "White House Conference, 1930," pages 242-245; 308-316.

Reading Guide for Class Members. Growth pages 19-22.

1. Mental life in its control of conduct is made up of many elements among which are the following: Power to observe well, power to see relationships, quickness in memorizing, permanence of memory, ability to use words and symbols correctly, initiative, adaptation to persons, emotional expressions, special abilities in the fine arts, mechanical tendencies. Underline those that are measured in a satisfactory way by mental tests.

2. Does the author favor a plan of classifying pupils homogeneously in school on the basis of a score on a mental test or in using the test as one element for placing pupils in regular groups?

3. Just what is the problem raised by a child who is doing indifferent work in school but is shown by the tests to be bright?

4. Are problems of conduct in home or school related to brightness and dullness or to the lack of proper treatment based on an understanding of the child's intellectual status?

5. Relate the two points discussed at the tops of page 20 to the common parental desire to have their children follow the same course or get the same school marks as older brothers or sisters or the children of neighbors or friends.

6. Note carefully that mental

tests have not caused people to pass judgment on the mental ability of others but have attempted to substitute a measuring device for guesses and opinions based on unrelated items such as appearance, or physical peculiarities.

7. Mental age is a measure of (present ability) (rate of mental growth). Learn which one is correct.

Intelligence quotient, I. Q., is a measure of (present ability) (rate of mental growth). Mark the correct one.

If pupils are classified in school on the basis of mental tests it will be according to (M. A.) (I. Q.)

Parents would map out a future educational program for their children on the basis of a known (M. A.) (I. Q.)

8. Intelligence tests are technical devices for measuring complex human traits. They are reliable only if administered, scored, and the results interpreted by trained workers. Note especially the caution that the test results do not represent a "final verdict" on the future of the child but is a point from which a plan for a happy useful life can be more accurately planned.

Supplementary Material. History of Intelligence Testing.

The story of the development of mental tests is one of the application of a newly developing science to a practical social problem—the detection and the treatment of defectives. The modern period in the solution of this difficulty began about the middle of the nineteenth century. In 1846 Seguin, a French scholar published a book entitled: "Traitement moral, hygiene et education des idiots." Johnson calls this "The emancipation proclamation for the fettered soul of the idiot." (Johnson, G. E. Contributions to the Psychology and Pedagogy of Feebleminded Children: Pedagogical Seminary, Vol. III, No. 2, pp. 246-301). Special classes for slower children seem to have begun in Halle, Germany, in 1859. The first American psychological clinic was organized by Witmer in the University of Pennsylvania in 1896. In America the work was more closely associated with the whole idea of individual differences and their measurement. Throughout the writings of psychologists during this half a century there are constant pleas for tests and for norms for comparison.

The actual making of tests center around the work of Binet working in the Laboratory of Physiological Psychology at the Sorbonne in Paris. His writings were voluminous leading to an article published in 1898 on "Measurement in Individual Psychology." He expressed in this the fundamental thought that has been evident in all later developments that the idea is not to measure in a definite physical sense but to classify individuals with reference to others. His first scale appeared in 1905. In 1908 he published an article entitled "The Development of Intelligence in Children." In this was presented a more elaborate statement of a measuring scale for the various ages of children. The idea of "Mental Age" was introduced with this 1908 scale. A further revision was made in 1911, the year of Binet's death.

The first use in America was in the Training School for Feebleminded Children at Vineland, New Jersey. Here Goddard used the Binet scale in 1908, and later worked out an American adaptation of it. Terman in Stanford University worked out a tentative revision of the Binet Scale in 1910-11. In 1916 appeared the Stanford Revi-

sion the Binet-Simon Scale. With this scale the use of the I. Q. (intelligence quotient) was introduced. This test still is the basic standard test for measuring the intelligence of individuals. Other tests have been made to meet special needs of special defectives and children who cannot read or use the English language. In recent years the movement for the development of group tests for use in schools has grown very rapidly. A list of some of these tests is given below.

Nature of the Tests:

The tests are supposed to measure ability. The items should therefore be equally novel to all who take the tests. This makes the tests appear peculiar to a person who first sees them. The items used in the tests must be such as actually measure intellectual power. This measuring of what the test is planned to measure is called its validity. This is usually expressed as a coefficient. The validity of a test is determined by correlating people's success in the test with their success, in school work or other known achievements that are essentially intellectual in nature. Intelligence is difficult to define or analyze. In its expression it indicates an ability to respond to symbols, and abstract difficulties. Most of the intelligence tests in use measure this expression of intelligence. Certain performance tests and tests involving pictures measure the intellectual power to adjust to concrete problems involving reactions to things. The tests do not seem to measure the power to handle people well—social intelligence. Much of the common prejudice against the tests is due to people reading into the results a measurement of these traits that are not really indicated by the tests themselves. The tests differ very much. Some of them include a wide variety of activities such as are found in the Stanford Revision of the Binet Tests, each part of which is to be given by the operator as an instruction to the child being tested, or in the group tests which include exercises with opposites, analogies, best reasons, disarranged sentences, proverbs, number work, unusual directions, sentence completion, information and word knowledge tests, etc. Some of the tests use pictures and other non-language exercises. Some of the tests are very simple such as the McCall Multi-Mental Scale which has just one page of word—relationship exercises.

Another element to consider in studying the tests is known as reliability. The good tests will give the same results each time they are used. Different forms of the same test are used. The data show that the makers of the tests have achieved a high degree of efficiency in the reliability of the tests. The following table gives some information regarding a few of the tests. The price given is for a sample set which the class leaders may desire to purchase. If intelligence tests are used in the schools, the class leaders may get a sample from the head of the schools. The sample should be used to illustrate to the class the form of the tests.

(See table on opposite page.)

Purpose and Uses of the Tests.

The purpose of the tests of intelligence is to get some facts not otherwise obtainable about the child's mental power. The results of the test put the child in terms of general intelligence in a position relative to other persons.

The uses made of these data will vary. As you learned from the assigned reading the intelligence test result is not a judgment. It is a fact which can be used in forming judgments. The general intelli-

NAME OF TEST	PUBLISHER	PRICE	GRADES FOR USE	RELIABILITY COEF.	VALIDITY COEF.	COMMENTS
Pintner-Cunningham Primary Mental Test.	World Book Co.	$1.25 for 25	Kgn. 1st. 2nd.	r-.93	r-.61-.80	I have had more successful results with this personally, than others.
Detroit First Grade Intelligence Test.	"	$1.10 for 25	1st.	None given		
x Goodenough Intelligence Test.	"	Book about $3.00	Kgn. 1st. 2nd. & 3rd.	71-88	.56-.86	This is a drawing test but is *good*. One need buy only the *book*.
x Kuhlman - Anderson Test of Gener. Int.	Ed. Test Bureau. Minneapolis.		1-12			Reported to be best of newer tests.
National Int. Test Scale A and B.	World Book Company.	$1.25 for 25	3-8	r-.93		
Illinois General Intelligence Scale.	Public School Pub. Co., Bloomington, Ill.		3-8	r-.92	r-.81	
Haggerty Delta 1 and Delta 2.	World Book Company.	$1.25 for 25	3-9	r-.90	r-.80	Delta 2 has been widely used. Excellent norms.
Terman Groups Test of Mental Ability.	"	$1.20 for 20	7-12	r-.75 --.90	r-.73	Ranked *best* of Jr. H. S. tests.
x Detroit Advanced Intelligence Test.	Pub. School Pub. Co., Bloomington, Illinois.		10-11-12. Freshman			50 minute test. Better than Otis.
x Ohio State Intelligence Test.	Dept. of Psychology, Ohio State U., Columbus, Ohio.	$.25 per copy	H. S. Grad. & College Freshmen	r-.8-.9	.5-.8	Used at U. of U. and throughout Ohio. Requires 2 hrs.
Thorndike Intelligence Examination.	Bureau of Pub.. T. C.	$1.00 per copy	H. S. Grad. & College Freshmen	r-.85	.626 to .817	Used by Stanford & others for entrance. Requires 3 hours.
McCall Multi-Mental Scale.	Bureau of Pub., Teachers' College.				.93	A simple form.
Stanford Revision of Binet Scale.						The basis of all others.

The new tests are marked with "x".

gence level seems to remain quite constant through life. It seems to be influenced somewhat by general environmental conditions but is essentially an index of ability. It is only one of several factors—health, physical growth, aims or ambition, environment, personality power,—which are to determine the plan of a life for the individual. It seems at the present time to be worth while to apply the test result as a help in solving the following problems:

1. Deciding whether a child should enter school. Reading ability and school methods of teaching it are fixed to adjust approximately to a mental age of six. The rigid chronological age of admission might be varied to admit a younger child who is well developed physically and socially and whose mental age is six or to delay the admission of a child six years old chronologically but whose development is slower.

2. Deciding Grade Placement. The intelligence quotient is also sometimes used as a basis of sectioning in a grade in order to vary the program for those of varying degrees of brightness. Formerly the ideal was to permit the children with the higher I. Q. to go through school more quickly. The more recent results indicate that it is better to enrich the program for the brighter children and make modifications for those with a low I. Q.

3. Interpreting learning achievement so that pupils are urged to work up to capacity and not be idle or contented with poor work.

4. Diagnosing children that seem to need special care or assignments to special classes.

5. Giving Educational guidance for the selection of a career, or of schools, or of courses. The Intelligence Quotient or measure of brightness is essential, not as a means of predetermining failure or social inferiority but as a means of directing the child into a worthwhile successful career. Any recent book on Mental Testing will give examples of these.

6. Interpreting special tests in vocational aptitudes and in giving advice in vocational guidance.

As a device in child care the use of mental tests can therefore be encouraged. Parents should check carefully to see that scores on intelligence tests do not develop feelings of inferiority and social hopelessness and to see that children of presumably low ability are not denied all of the enrichment and social participation in school which will make their lives significant. As Commissioner Butterfield of Connecticut said to the Department of Superintendence in 1930: "A child might be school dull but bright in terms of caring for chickens, being a good member of his home, loving nature, making friends, or being loyal."

GIVE WORK!

REMEMBER THIS:

Each ton of Utah coal displaced in Salt Lake City deprives some Utah man of

ONE DAY'S WORK

When a coal truck delivers its load to your bins, you have contributed to the relief of unemployment to the extent that—each ton resulted from the

LABOR OF ONE MAN FOR ONE DAY

either a miner, a railroad man, a retail distributor or an employee of some allied industry.

In 1929, Utah produced 5,100,000 tons of coal, giving

5,100,000 Days Work For Utah Coal Miners;

railroad men of Utah, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Montana, Nevada and California; and employees of allied industries. Perhaps you had not appreciated this phase of your heating problem. Think it over. In 1931, Utah produced but 3,300,000 tons of coal.

Understand, any substantial decrease in the use of coal is reflected in the

Decreased Earnings of Employees

of coal-carrying railroads, who may be working hundreds of miles away from the mines but whose pay-checks are provided out of freight earnings derived largely from the transportation of coal. In many of our towns, this phase brings idle time at the coal mines close to home.

UTAH COAL PRODUCERS ASSOCIATION

Christmas CARDS

Old in Spirit
New in Design

24 Beautiful Assorted Cards $1.00

25 Cards Imprinted with Your Name $1.50 up

DESERET NEWS PRESS

29 Richards Street Salt Lake City, Utah

"Today's Milk Today"

Brainard's Cottonwood Dairy

We never change our delivery time, giving you always the *best* service and highest quality.

Call Hyland 670

Located in Sugarhouse

SEE THE NEW

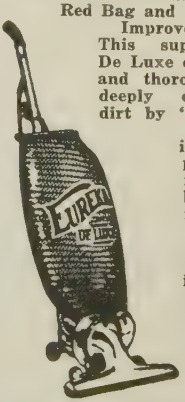
EUREKA

DE LUXE

VACUUM CLEANER

NEW—MODERN—BEAUTIFUL

With Full Floating Brush, Beautiful Red Bag and 14 Other Major Improvements



This super-powered Eureka De Luxe cleans deeply, swiftly and thoroughly—removing all deeply embedded, stubborn dirt by "High Vacuum"—the identical cleaning principle of all costly installed systems built into large buildings and hotels.

The new "full floating" brush automatically removes all lint, hair and other surface litter.

$5.00 Down
Balance on Easy Terms

Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

177 East Broadway Phone Wasatch 4764

12 POINTS OF SUPERIORITY!

A DOZEN REASONS WHY

MOUNTAINEER OVERALLS

Give Longer Wear and More Satisfaction

1. Bib "Stop-Loss" watch pocket.
2. Bib deluxe and pencil pocket.
3. Wide and strong suspenders.
4. "Stop-Loss" side pockets.
5. Large reinforced back pockets.
6. Wide and roomy in seat and legs.
7. "Stop-Loss" combination pliers and rule pocket.
8. Triple stitched seams.
9. First quality denim.
10. Bar-tacked at every point of strain.
11. Convenient match pocket.
12. Built for comfort, service—guaranteed.

Due to large scale production and unusual buying power, Mountaineer Overalls with the Stop-Loss Pockets cost you no more than ordinary overalls.

Ask Your Dealer for Mountaineer Overalls with Stop-Loss Pockets

Manufactured in Salt Lake City by Z. C. M. I. CLOTHING FACTORY

Christmas Gifts That Endure

Give a practical gift this year for Christmas—something that will be permanent and long remembered. ELECTROLUX—The Natural Gas Refrigerator is the ideal gift. Silent—economical to operate—no repair or service costs—these are only a few of the features that make Electrolux the popular automatic refrigerator today.

We are also featuring exceptional values for Christmas on new Natural Gas Ranges. Our liberal time payment plan makes gift giving easy. Your refrigerator or range may be selected now with payments to begin after installation.

UTAH GAS & COKE CO.
WASATCH GAS CO.
OGDEN GAS CO.

This is The Year To Give

BOOKS

And the Right Kind of Books Help to Understand Life and Enjoy it

MOTHERS—LET US HELP YOU SELECT THE RIGHT

BOOKS

FOR YOUR DEAR ONES

WRITE NOW FOR SUGGESTIONS

DESERET BOOK COMPANY

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

MRS F S HARRIS
COLLEGE HILL
PROVO UTAH

WHY NOT DEMAND THE BEST?

Don't be satisfied with just life insurance. There is such a great difference and the very best costs no more.
Insist that your Life Insurance be Beneficial, you'll receive better values at lower cost. The reason—

The BIG HOME COMPANY
is the one Company that gives you

Participating Insurance
At Low Non-Participating Rates

This means all Beneficial policyholders share in the net earnings of the company and receive Dividends Annually.

BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

HOME OFFICE—SALT LAKE CITY

HEBER J. GRANT, President — E. T. RALPHS, General Manager

If it's a Beneficial Policy it's the best Insurance you can buy

Relief Society magazine

v. 19
1932

CBPac

339241

v.19
1932

GRADUATE THEOLOGICAL UNION LIBRARY
BERKELEY, CA 94709

GTU Library
3 2400 00328 8267